The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday November 5, 1930

GOLD: *Is it to blame for the depression?*

by E. M. H. LLOYD

Dwight Morrow in New Jersey

by EDMUND WILSON

Who Opposes Mussolini?

by PERCY WINNER

The Mexican Exposition

by STARK YOUNG

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE ceremonies in connection with the deposit of ratifications for the London Naval Treaty were impressive chiefly because of the use of the radio. No one could fail to be moved by the spectacle of the Japanese and British Prime Ministers and the American President speaking in turn from Tokyo, London and Washington as parts of one program, broadcast throughout the entire world. When it comes to the content of their speeches, however, serious reservations are necessary. They praised the London Treaty as a great accomplishment and demanded that it be followed by further limitation. But the London Treaty is an achievement only if it is compared with the cost of continuing an unrestricted armament race, and not in terms of the actual navies as they existed before the Treaty and today; the United States will spend about a billion dollars if it constructs the ships allotted to it at London. When we consider the possibility of further limitation, and particularly on the part of France and Italy, while we are in complete accord with the aspirations expressed, there is little ground for optimism. The international situation in Europe is more dangerous at this moment than at any other time in a decade. Hitlerism in Germany, chauvinism in France, the Russians' expectation of an aggressive war against them by the Western capitalistic powers, all contribute to the tension. On the same day that Hamaguchi, MacDonald and Hoover were singing the praises of peace, Mussolini made another speech, indirectly charging that France and Jugoslavia are preparing to make war "against Fascism," again promising that Italy's guns will be ready, and threatening that, if the treaties of 1919 are not revised by peaceful means, this will be done by force of arms.

PERHAPS the worst diplomatic blunder of the present administration has been its action in regard to the Brazilian revolution. After hesitating for weeks, Secretary Stimson announced an embargo on arms for the revolutionists, and just forty-eight hours later they overthrew the government. Mr. Stimson insists that his action was strictly in accord with recent precedents, and we do not doubt that it was; but that does not make the effect any better. Everybody in South America will believe that the United States waited to see which way the cat would jump, but was horribly misinformed as to the facts. Whatever government finally emerges in Brazil, it will begin its career in a state of furious anger against the United States. Brazil has been the one Latin-American country more or less friendly to us; Secretary Stimson has now made the animosity unanimous.

THE suggestion emanating from Europe that President Hoover should call an international conference of industrial leaders to combat the depression would be a good one if there were any assurance that the leaders would know what to do when they met, and could get their several governments to do it. Nearly all economists would agree that they ought to recommend lowering of tariff barriers, for instance, but most of the nations of the world, encouraged by the action of President Hoover himself, have been engaged in raising import duties. They might think that reparations and debt payments ought to be scaled down, but in this respect also they would meet adamant opposition on the part of the Hoover administration. Many would

believe that there is a menace in the maldistribution of gold reserves; France, America and the Argentine have too much, while other nations have too little. But we are not yet ready to pool gold reserves in the International Bank. And while all these and perhaps other measures might have a good effect in the long run, there is no assurance that any remedy yet thought of would be the basic cure either for this depression or for future downward swings of the business cycle. The truth is that no scientifically impregnable solution of that riddle has yet been reached. The economists who know most about it could doubtless make some helpful suggestions, but the job of tackling the problem radically is still one for the experts in research rather than for industrial conferees.

THE report prepared by Assistant Attorney General Richardson in answer to the charges of Mr. Ralph S. Kelley that the Department of the Interior has allowed billions of dollars' worth of oil-shale lands to be alienated to the oil companies denies all Mr. Kelley's allegations, accuses him of suffering from sore-headedness and of refusing to help the investigation in order to make capital out of his story by selling it to the newspapers, and concludes that "the oil-shale lands of the United States are being vigorously and honestly administered by Secretary Wilbur and his department." Mr. Kelley has made a new statement declaring that the report is a tissue of misrepresentations and repeating his original charges. It is impossible to tell from these documents whether or to what extent the government is still conniving with private capital to allow the public property in oil to pass into the latter's hands; but the report of the Department of Justice is not particularly reassuring. The Attorney General's letter accompanying it begins by stating that the oil-shale lands are not worth anything just at present anyway—a matter irrelevant to the question whether or not they have been alienated and whether they may not be worth a great deal in the future to the persons who now possess them. Let the Department of the Interior, Mr. Kelley replies, "try to buy some of the patented shale lands which they say are so worthless now!" The report furthermore emphasizes the fact that from the oil companies' point of view, the Department of the Interior has been rather too strict than too liberal—a matter equally irrelevant inasmuch as the oil companies may be supposed to consider any government policy, however liberal, too strict. Mr. Kelley points out, moreover, that the report tries to minimize the proportion of the acreage of oil lands which have been patented in Colorado by combining with them the oil lands of Utah and Wyoming, which have practically no value and which were not discussed in Kelley's charges.

THE controversy recalls the Ballinger scandal during the Taft administration. In 1909, Luther R. Glavis, who had been appointed under Roosevelt to investigate the appropriation of the Alaskan coal lands by the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, brought charges against officials of the Department of the Interior of having attempted to rush through the fraudulent claims. Richard Ballinger, then Secretary of the Interior, overruled these charges, as Mr. Wilbur has done Mr. Kelley's; and Attorney General Wickersham, like Attorney General Mitchell, brought in a report supporting Ballinger. So far, the analogy is perfect; and the later developments of the Ballinger case are interesting. A joint committee was appointed to investigate. Louis Brandeis, Glavis's attorney, because of the fact that the Wickersham report was dated only a week later than the receipt of the Ballinger report by Wickersham, suspected that it had been predated in order to make it appear that the Attorney General was so completely a master of the material that he had been able to draw up an elaborate report in a week; and discovered conclusive evidence in the fact that the report mentioned an event which had happened later than the date of the report. He was then able to show before the committee that the original of the report had been composed in Ballinger's own office, and that Wickersham had simply set his name to Ballinger's own justification of himself.

IN THE enormously complicated and difficult situation in Palestine, there are at least five interested parties whose attitude must be taken into account. They may be listed as follows:

1. The poor Arabs who constitute the overwhelming majority of the native population. There is good evidence that their lot has been improved in the last few years since the coming of the Jews. They are, however, profoundly ignorant and gullible, and the prey of anti-Jewish propaganda.

2. The wealthy Arabs, few in numbers but powerful. They resent the coming of the Jews because it is breaking their economic grip on the country; and they are also nationalists who would like to see Palestine an independent Arab state, member of a Pan-Arabian confederation, whose only official language would be Arabic, and in which the Jews would play an insignificant part.

3. The Jews, eager for the development of their national homeland, unwilling to "freeze" the experiment at its present status, restive because of the fact that, although they are but one-fifth of the population, they are paying two-fifths of the taxes, determined that they shall not be compelled to exhaust their energies in bringing the whole Arabian population up to their own level as a condition of the fulfillment of their plans, profoundly convinced that the present attitude of the British Labor government constitutes a betrayal of the Balfour Declaration and of the terms of the Mandate which embodied that declaration practically word for word.

4. The League of Nations Mandate Commission, concerned about the prestige of the mandate system, desirous mainly that there shall be no repetition of the murderous riots a year ago. The Mandate Commission has bitterly criticized the British government both

for failing to keep dissatisfaction from flaring up into disorder, and for neglecting to maintain a sufficient body of troops in the country to quell the disturbance as soon as it started.

5. The British government, which now finds that during the War, and as an important war measure, it made promises which common sense should have said were incompatible and, therefore, almost impossible of fulfillment—promises both to assist the development of the Jewish homeland and to safeguard all the interests of the Arabs, no machinery being provided for any official decision as to what those interests are, or whether or not they are at any time being impaired. Great Britain urgently needed the support of the Jews during the War; today, with India and Egypt aflame, she urgently needs the support of the Arabs.

THE policy of the British government follows in general the recommendations made by the "Commission on the Palestine Disturbance of August, 1929." There are several important points in it:

1. Jewish immigration to Palestine is suspended. This has already been the case in fact, for some time, immigration having first been drastically limited and then halted entirely. The statement of the British government does not say whether the suspension of immigration is temporary or permanent, but the context suggests that it is to continue until economic conditions in Palestine have been radically altered.

2. The Jews are not to purchase additional land, the British government holding that their present reserve is adequate, and that the Arabs need all the other land now available. As in the case of immigration, no time limit is signified for the restriction.

3. The British government proposes to set up a Legislative Council, twelve of whose members would be elected and the others appointed. The Jews fear that this Council would be dominated by the Arabs, and would be hostile to Jewish interests.

The Palestinian problem will be discussed at length in next week's issue of The New Republic. In the meantime, it might be said that few public statements of policy in modern times have been followed by such universal and violent protests as this. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Felix M. Warburg and Lord Melchett have resigned their positions in the Zionist movement; Jan Smuts has cabled a protest against what he terms the betrayal of the Balfour Declaration, and English Tory and Liberal leaders have denounced the action of the government. Jewish leaders point out that from the standpoint of the Arabs themselves, nothing could be more harmful in the long run than the suspension or curtailment of the Jewish work in Palestine. While the British government has announced that it will stick to its guns, nothing is more certain than that it cannot do so in the long run, in the face of such opposition as has been created.

THE effort to form a world sugar cartel in order to get surplus production under control is an ambitious one, but its success in the long run must be regarded as improbable, in view of the experience with former efforts to hold up raw-material prices by monopoly. Cuban producers have long been facing calamity because of the surplus; it is stated that sugar has been selling in New York for less than the cost of production. A plan to buy and hold the carry-over, meanwhile cutting future production, has received the support of bankers and of the Cuban government. It is now aimed to bring Java into the fold by threats of dumping in the East, while growers in the American possessions are being brought into line. Whether the plan succeeds or not, it throws a bright light on the insanity of our new sugar tariff. If this is effective, it will merely increase the world surplus by encouraging production, in the United States, of sugar which is not needed and which can be grown only at a higher cost than is the product of the regions already developed. There is, moreover, no assurance that if the major part of the domestic market is held for our growers, their production will not eventually rise enough so that prices will fall here and they will be worse off than ever before. Meanwhile the consumers will have to pay more for their sugar, and the producers outside the tariff wall will be able to buy less of those products which this country can export.

MRS. Emma Hammerstein, widow of Oscar Hammerstein, the well known theatrical producer, was arrested on May 12, 1930, for vagrancy, found guilty and sentenced to one day in jail. Her case having been appealed to a higher court, the decision has now been overruled. Mrs. Hammerstein was fortunate in possessing powerful friends with sufficient funds to conduct a legal fight on her behalf. Her arrest was admittedly the work of an *agent provocateur* of the vice squad of the New York City Police Department, as are so many others of women alleged to be engaged in professional prostitution. One wonders what would happen if all of these cases were carried to a higher court, or even defended in the lower courts by reputable, skillful attorneys. Last year there were 2,225 convictions in prostitution cases, or 74 percent of all which came to trial, as Malcolm Cowley has pointed out in our pages. This is an amazingly high percentage of success, as courtroom procedure goes.

POINT is lent to the inquiry suggested by Mrs Hammerstein's case by recent revelations of blackmail practices among certain members of the vice squad. A woman, sometimes one of good character and social position, is lured on a harmless-sounding pretext to the apartment of an underworld character who is in league with the dishonest policemen. While she is there the door is broken down, members of the vice squad enter, and she is arrested for prostitution. She is given to understand, however, that by payment of a large sum she can hush the matter up; and, terrified at the thought of notoriety, she pays even though innocent. It is said that the

police and their accomplices have been making hundreds of thousands of dollars annually by this form of extortion. Such practices are made possible, of course, by the system in New York which uses police as *agents provocateurs*, which permits them to enter premises without a warrant, and which has, at least until very recently, made a verdict of guilty possible on the uncorroborated word of the policeman, whose ambition naturally is to keep his job by rolling up an annual total of as many convictions as possible.

THE peak of the tercentenary celebration of the settlement of Boston was marked by the annual meeting of the American Legion. Doubtless the founders, could they have looked down on their city during that week, would have felt honored. The Legion has not been distinguished for the decorum and sobriety of its conventions, but its excesses in Boston seem to have passed the bounds of previous meetings except that at Kansas City. Drunkenness and destruction of property were prominent modes of expression of the men who fought the War. It is understood that in certain instances the Boston newspapers refused to print the stories gathered by their reporters, some of whom sold them in other cities. The Harvard Crimson, however, representing the institution founded so soon after Boston was settled, spoke out with a boldness that should shame its contemporaries.

> Two days ago in South Carolina, President Hoover spoke of the purity and inherent rightness of American institutions, but surely whatever the moral correctness of its institutions, no other country in the world would countenance the spectacle of the recent American Legion convention in Boston. The highest official of what other land would have lent his presence to what in effect is merely an excuse for a wholesale brawl, exceeding in its disgusting completeness any similar spectacle the United States have to offer?
>
> College students are no Aunt Prudence, and at Harvard, at least, there are few conscientious observers of the Eighteenth Amendment, but the worst subway riot, the drunkest football crowd, are piddling trifles in the way of disturbances compared to a Legion convention.

THE Crimson refers to the Police Commissioner "who has been astonishingly vigorous since he has been in power," under whose administration took place a total relaxation of law and order during the stay of the Legion. This situation calls for the attention of the Anti-Saloon League and other bodies interested in the Eighteenth Amendment. It has been suspected that one important reason for the failure of enforcement of the Dry law is the fact that the Drys themselves do not wish it enforced when the recoil would be too violent. Only reluctantly, and under the taunt of inconsistency from Anheuser-Busch, did they press for the cessation of the sale of liquor on vessels under the American flag. The New Republic has frequently suggested to the chief upholder of the noble experiment that he get down to business by stopping drinking in the army and navy, and in the immediate vicinity of the capitol of Washington. In Boston, the Drys, if they are sincere, will demand of Governor Allen an immediate investigation of the Police Commissioner, to learn what orders, if any, he issued to the police on the occasion of the Legion gathering, and what steps, if any, he has taken to discipline officers who, as a matter within the testimony of hundreds of citizens, not only winked at the sale of liquor but even directed purchasers to places of sale, and, it is reported, carried whiskey about with them for purposes of common hospitality.

THE Harvard scrubwomen are to the fore again. The Consumers' League of Massachusetts has just made public a report of their investigation of the charges that Harvard University over a period of nine years paid its scrubwomen two cents an hour less than the amount set by the Minimum Wage Commission. This investigation was made at the behest of the alumni group after it had waited six months for the Harvard corporation to fulfill its promise to investigate the matter. The University, it will be recalled, after making a number of lame and inconsistent excuses for underpaying its charwomen, finally announced that the two cents an hour, or ten cents a day, were deducted from wages for a twenty-minute rest period which the University in the kindness of its paternal heart granted the scrubwomen. However, the recent investigation proves that this was pure myth, that the women were in fact hired on the basis of thirty-five cents an hour and that they did not know their pay was being docked for such time out as the University granted them. Acting upon these disclosures, the alumni group is endeavoring to raise the sum of $3,880 to pay back to the cleaning women what one of the richest and most heavily endowed universities in the country morally, if not legally, owes them. Let us hope that the alumni group will be successful. A gesture of such frank and open-hearted generosity would go far toward repudiating the haggling and niggardly bureaucracy which seems to flourish so vigorously at Cambridge under the tender ministration of President Lowell of Harvard.

Just Before the Battle

THE GREAT campaign of 1930 is over. The weary candidates, their mouths full of lozenges, are eagerly looking forward to spending twenty-four hours in bed, beginning in the small hours of Wednesday morning. The newspapers which have conscientiously published page after page of forecasts which, so far as we know, have been read all the way through by nobody except the linotype operator, will be able to return to their more customary vocation of printing such part of

the news as they think their readers will care for. A certain percentage of the eligible voters, ranging somewhere between forty-five and seventy, will cast its ballot and receive in return either a virtuous feeling of a duty well done, or, in certain cases, the considerably more tangible reward of a ten-dollar bill.

There is now no doubt that the Democrats will receive a much larger proportion of the vote (which will itself be far smaller) than in 1928. This will be particularly in evidence in the South, where the Hoovercrats are rapidly dwindling to the vanishing point. But the losses of the G. O. P. will not be confined to that section. In several Northern states, normally Republican strongholds, it is predicted that they may lose the congressional elections either on the prohibition issue, that of hard times, or both. Most observers are agreed that the Democrats will either have a majority in the House of Representatives or come close to it, while they will increase their representation in the Senate so that with the aid of a few insurgent Republicans they can outvote the Hoover bloc. This development is, of course, no novelty in American politics. It is coming to be the standard course of procedure for the party in power to lose Congress in the mid-term election. It has significance this time chiefly because of the stunning victory of the Republicans in 1928, and the predictions at that time so freely made that the United States had become "a one-party country."

The situation this year, in fact, throws a good deal of light upon the 1928 election. It reinforces the belief that the religious issue was of great importance in that campaign. It offers evidence, moreover, that the Republicans were largely successful with their argument that a vote for Hoover was a vote for prosperity. It is probable that almost as many persons were opposed to prohibition in 1928 as now, but the matter was not a political issue to anything like the same extent. For one thing, there was then little expectation that the law could be modified except in the remote future; rightly or wrongly, many thousands of people are today imbued with a new hope, which they feel justifies them in casting their vote with this as a primary issue. For another, many anti-prohibitionists in 1928 were also anti-Catholic and pro-prosperity, and voted accordingly. Catholicism is not at present an element in the campaign, and a great disillusionment has taken place regarding that sacred union between a Republican administration and good times.

It is inevitable that this year's election should cause many persons to look forward with a new interest to the presidential campaign of 1932. Some hasty enthusiasts are predicting that the Democrats will come into power in that year, while many others feel that Mr. Hoover's misfortunes have made him an incubus upon his party, which will seek success in some other candidate, perhaps Mr. Morrow or Mr. Coolidge. It is true that Mr. Morrow has already put himself out of the race, and that Mr. Coolidge, earning in excess of $400,000 a year by his efforts as a syndicate writer, shows no sign of wishing to return to political life; but the prognosticators are never troubled by facts like these.

They might, however, to their advantage, remember a little history. Mr. Harding was elected in 1920, as was Mr. Hoover in 1928, on a slogan of Republicanism and prosperity. While Mr. Hoover's depression was delayed a whole year, lacking about a fortnight, Mr. Harding's hit the country within a month after the election. It was probably as bad as the hard times of 1929-30, yet it did not prevent Mr. Coolidge's triumphant election in 1924. Mr. Hoover has still two years in which his luck can turn; and if it does so, he will benefit by the amazingly short memory of the electorate. It is true that he has other handicaps: the professional politicians of his own party do not like him; his stubborn conservatism in such matters as the tariff and the control of public utilities has alienated many independent liberally minded people who voted for him in 1928 as the Great Humanitarian; certain of his bad nominations, and notably that of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court, will rise to plague him. All this, however, will probably be more than outweighed by the enormous power of the White House, center of the patronage system, in dictating delegates to the national convention of his party. He will also be helped enormously by the tradition that every President is entitled to a second term if he wants it, a tradition which, other things being equal, has great weight with millions of people.

Despite the gains which they will undoubtedly make this year, it remains true that the Democrats are without any clear-cut national policy, or any such leadership as would justify an independent citizen in voting to turn over the guidance of the country to them, except perhaps on the basis that the Republicans are so bad nobody else could be any worse. While the Democrats' success in certain Northern states this year will be due to the Wetness of their candidates, the real nucleus of the party in the South is the most stubborn group of prohibitionists that exists anywhere. Though the party nominally accepted Al Smith in 1928, thousands of its members voted against him on this issue; and the failure of his candidacy has made even those who swallowed their prohibition scruples and supported him feel that their sacrifice was in vain. It is one thing to accept a candidate who happens to be Wet; it is another, and more serious, to adopt Wetness as a party principle and then look around for an available standard bearer.

But even if this were not true, there would be little for intelligent progressives to hope from the Democrats. They are definitely a minority party. They are lacking in qualified leaders, and this is especially true since Governor Roosevelt of New York state has shown himself unwilling to take a

courageous stand against corruption among his Tammany followers. On fundamental economic issues, the Democrats have revealed their inability to be anything more than the tail to the Republican kite: while their spokesmen have protested against the new tariff law, they have given no expression to any definite policy of their own, or any evidence that, if they were put in charge their attitude would be any more enlightened than that of their opponents. The conservative Democrats in Congress have acted quite as badly in recent years as the conservative Republicans; the progressive Democrats have done well, but they are so few in number that they give no grounds for hoping that they are typical of their party.

We are forced, therefore, to come back to the familiar dictum that there is no essential difference between the two parties, and that what the country needs is a realignment which puts the conservatives in one camp and the progressives in another. It has been suggested that possibly the prohibition issue might serve this purpose in the next national campaign, but any realistic examination of the facts shows how unlikely this is. In the first place, it is far from true that the progressives are Wet, and the conservatives Dry. Many of the Middle Western progressive Republicans, for example, are ardent prohibitionists, as are their constituents. If Wet sentiment continues to grow, we shall doubtless see both parties equivocate regarding the issue in 1932, each trying to bring its own irreconcilable elements under one circus tent. The hope for the progressives certainly does not lie in trying to take advantage of an accidental dissension among their enemies over a question on which they are themselves divided. It lies in creating their own organization, from the grass roots up—one which will not be subject to the varying winds of political accident in either of the two old parties, but will know what it wants and start out to get it, first locally, and then on a wider and wider scale as its actual strength justifies expansion.

Prophet Lamont

PRESIDENT Hoover has recently announced that the Honorable Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, is to be chairman of the new emergency committee to deal with unemployment. In view of this fact, it is worth while to recall Mr. Lamont's opinions on unemployment, and on the industrial depression in general, as he has expressed them in the dozen or so interviews which he has so generously given to the press of this country during the past year.

On January 1, 1930, he announced that "the nature of the economic disposition of the United States is such that one may confidently predict, for the long run, a continuance of prosperity and progress." Not, mind you, a restoration: a continuance. Two weeks later, on January 14, he found that everything was rosy. "Reports to the Department of Commerce," he said on that date, "indicate that business is in a satisfactory condition." On February 11, he was still cheerful: "There is nothing in the business situation to be disturbed about." And on March 4, he was certain that "as weather conditions moderate, we are likely to find the country as a whole enjoying its wonted state of prosperity."

Apparently weather conditions did not moderate, for on May 20, for the first time, a little note of doubt crept into the Secretary's hearty tones. "Should the present tendencies in American business continue," he said, "normal conditions should be restored in two or three months." That would be toward the end of July or August. Mr. Lamont kept still when this promissory note drawn against the future came due. But his buoyancy was only temporarily affected, if at all. We next hear from him on September 23, when he observed that "the various weekly and monthly business indicators which are coming in in a steady stream are more or less mixed in their trends, but it is perfectly clear that business on the whole has crossed a marked decline which was characteristic of a number of earlier months and there are some distinctive encouraging features." We do not know what "crossed a marked decline" means exactly, but we are quite sure of the significance attached to it by the average newspaper reader: namely, that the depression has hit bottom and is now on the way up. Perhaps the best commentary on Mr. Lamont's statement is the official report of the Federal Reserve Board, made public on October 23, indicating that the combined record for mine and factory production in September was one-half of one percent below that of August, despite the fact that September is a month when, if other years are an index, there should have been a pronounced seasonal upturn.

In view of this record, it may be pertinent to inquire whether Mr. Lamont ought to be chairman of an unemployment committee, at all: whether he ought not instead to be writing the "Prosperity" section of the Republican party's campaign handbook.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Gold

Is It to Blame for the World-Wide Depression?

The following article by E. M. H Lloyd, of the British Empire Marketing Board, explains and defends the view now held by one school of economists that fluctuations in the price of gold are the dominating factor in causing the present world-wide depression.

In next week's issue, George Soule, one of the editors of The New Republic, will present a somewhat different point of view.—THE EDITORS.

THE LAST ten years have witnessed a striking advance in monetary science, almost comparable to the rapid advances in physics and astronomy. Before the War there was little interest in the theory of money. Economic textbooks treated the subject perfunctorily; and statesmen, business men and even bankers could afford to know little or nothing of monetary theory, since in practice the world's monetary system worked smoothly enough. The gold standard was supposed to operate automatically. It was accepted as part of a preordained harmony in economic affairs, discovered by our ancestors and handed down by tradition from one generation to another. The theorists who argued that the trade cycle was primarily a monetary phenomenon, and who claimed that trade depressions, fluctuations in price levels, general unemployment and the paradox of "overproduction" accompanied by underconsumption could be avoided or at least sensibly mitigated by an improvement in the technique of central banking, were not taken seriously by practical men or even by many of their fellow economists.

Since the War all this has changed. The depreciation of European currencies supplied a convincing demonstration that a rising price level may be due to the creation of too much money. Similarly, the drastic deflation experienced by most countries after the boom of 1919-20 was shown to be caused by a contraction of money accompanied by a falling price level. Monetary economists were quick to profit from a close study of these gigantic disorders. The investigations of such men as Cassel, Hawtrey, Keynes and Robertson in Europe, and Wesley Mitchell, Gay, Snyder and E. W. Kemmerer in the United States, have established monetary science as a factor to be reckoned with in the world of today, a factor which statesmen, bankers and men of affairs ignore at their peril. To express a confident opinion about the causes of trade stagnation, agricultural depression or unemployment without reference to the facts of monetary science betrays almost as gross an ignorance today as would an attempt to explain electricity, radiotelegraphy or gravitation without a knowledge of modern physics.

Unfortunately it is still not uncommon for men of affairs, including politicians, journalists, stockbrokers, traders and even bankers and "business forecasters," not only to be as ignorant of the theory of money as they are of relativity or the electron theory, but, and this is more surprising, even to be unaware that their ignorance of the subject may possibly affect the validity of their judgments. This is partly, but not altogether, explained by the fact that the theorists do not always agree. Controversies and differences of opinion are a symptom of alertness and growth; and the fact that there is no monetary Pope, and scarcely even a monetary Einstein, proves that the science is very much alive. But the plain man, who cannot understand what the controversies are about, looks for certainty and orthodoxy. In practical problems, with which he thinks he has been familiar all his life, he will defer to the opinion of experts only when he is satisfied that they have sufficient weight and authority behind them. Moreover, on the fringe of every science there are quacks and cranks who are able to obtain a popular hearing for fallacies, half truths and unintelligible nonsense, which confuse the issue and implant impatience with and distrust of the whole subject in the minds of sensible laymen. A true understanding of monetary science has been seriously handicapped by the publicity granted to currency cranks.

In what follows no attempt is made to put forward any original or unorthodox theory, but merely to present the greatest common measure of agreement among monetary experts on the causes and possible remedies for the present depression.

The central fact from which we start is that changes in the amount and turnover of money exercise an important influence on the prices of things in general. This has not always been recognized in the past, but it is familiar enough to our generation through the experience of wartime and postwar inflation. It is a truism to say that the money value of the goods and services sold in a year must be equal to the amount of money paid for them. Consequently if the amount of money available to buy goods increases or decreases without any significant change in the volume of goods produced, the general level of prices will tend to rise or fall. Money, of course, changes hands many times in a year, and in advanced countries by far the largest part of the turnover is effected by checks and other

credit instruments. We must therefore include in our conception of the amount and turnover of money not only notes and coin, but the aggregate transfers of bank deposits.

An index number of prices measures the percentage change in price of a miscellaneous sample of goods of a representative kind, and, therefore, measures, though never as exactly as one could wish, changes in the purchasing power of money. This index number of the general level of prices may vary both with changes in the amount of goods and with changes in the amount of money; a decrease in the amount of money with an unchanged production of goods or an increase in production with an unchanged volume of money will cause the general level of prices to fall.

Broadly one may say that prices rose during and immediately after the War mainly owing to the rapid increase in the volume and turnover of money. Prices fell during the serious slump of 1920-21 mainly owing to a reduction in the amount and still more in the rate of turnover of money. During the succeeding seven or eight years there was a slow and fairly steady fall in the price level, and this may be attributed partly to an increase in the volume of production in the world as a whole. But during the last twelve months there are signs that in addition to a fairly normal increase of production there has been a serious contraction in the amount of money available for purchasing the goods produced. By contraction is meant not merely a reduction in total volume but also a slowing down in the velocity of circulation.

Hitherto we have been considering the problem quite generally. It is easy enough to show that a fall in the index number of prices must be due in part, at least, to monetary causes; but it is obviously much more difficult to estimate in the case of particular commodities how much of the fall is due to a shortage of money and how much may be due to actual overproduction of that commodity in relation to other commodities. When there is a bountiful harvest and the price of wheat falls below the general level of prices, we naturally say that it is due to the increased supply of wheat; but when there is a fall of prices over a wide range of commodities and the statistical position of each does not reveal any exceptional increase in production, then the cause must be looked for in the monetary situation. Moreover, when the price of wheat falls because of a bountiful harvest, there is no reason why that fact should tend to bring about a general depression and cause the prices of other commodities to fall. Indeed if the monetary system is working smoothly in such a way as to maintain the general level of prices on an even keel, the fall in the price of wheat would tend to be compensated by a slight rise in other commodities.

It is worth considering, therefore, in what sense one may legitimately use the term "overproduction" in connection with the present depression. One may speak of the overproduction of automobiles in the United States, and possibly of wheat in the world, in the sense that the statistical position reveals an exceptionally large increase in production compared with that of other commodities. If this is the case, then we naturally look for the price to fall somewhat and the production of these particular commodities to slow down until the equilibrium has been restored. But a situation like this has little or nothing in common with a general depression of trade. In such a case, though the producers of wheat and motor cars would be hit, producers of other commodities and consumers in general would be benefited.

During a severe depression like the present, it is not merely one or two commodities which are being "overproduced"; producers of nearly every other commodity are also complaining of overproduction. In most forms of economic activity, including employment, the supply exceeds the demand. Industry as well as agriculture is faced with a falling off in demand and a slump in prices. The workers in industry cannot get enough money to buy what they want from the farmers because the farmers cannot get enough for their produce to buy what they want from the workers in industry. It would be absurd to suggest that wage earners and primary producers throughout the world are not buying each other's products because they have already satisfied each other's wants and have got all they need. The real trouble is not so much overproduction as underconsumption, and we must therefore look for the cause of the trouble in some breakdown in the machinery of exchange. What has happened is a change in the relation between the supply and demand for money, which is the medium of exchange.

If by some miracle a contraction in the supply of money were accompanied by a simultaneous and proportionate reduction in all money payments, the exchange of goods and services would continue as before unaffected and there would be no crisis to worry about. But unfortunately this does not happen. Prices of primary products dealt in freely in world markets fall first, while many of the costs of production and distribution, including wages and transportation costs, fall much more slowly and interest charges, rent, rates and taxes do not fall at all or only after a long interval. The sudden creation of a disparity between prices and costs wipes out profits and leads to the closing down of factories and the discharge of workers, while the reduction of profits and the loss of wages leads to a contraction of demand. We thus see that a change in the relationship between prices and costs causes an apparent overproduction and an inevitable underconsumption. If we continue to use the term "overproduction" we must be clear in our minds that what we mean is *overproduction in relation to the volume of demand at the former level of prices;* and this of course implies that money has not been increasing fast enough to maintain the volume of demand at the former level of prices. It follows

that the common-sense remedy is more money and not less production.

Unfortunately common sense is so scared and confused upon the subject of money that this simple proposition is either ignored altogether or regarded as rank heresy. It sounds too simple to be true; and, in any case, how can money be increased except by inflation? And that we know to be wrong since every authority condemns it. Very well then: if money is not to be increased, what happens? And what remedy does common sense propose for the crisis of overproduction? Two alternative courses are open. The first and most obvious one is to reduce production and limit supply. Manufacturers seek to limit output by agreement, by running their mills on short time and in the last resort by closing down altogether. Primary producers cannot respond to the situation so easily or quickly; but they often form pools to withhold supplies from the market or organize coöperatives to dispose of their surplus products. They usually heartily approve of official exhortations to limit production and reduce acreage, even if they are sometimes slow to act upon this advice. The second alternative is to reduce the costs of production, but this is not easy to accomplish in a short time. Interest charges and taxes cannot be reduced, while costs of transportation and distribution are beyond the producers' control and can be lowered only after considerable delay and friction.

Assuming, therefore, that production is restricted all around, what happens? If our object is to restore prosperity and to enable everyone to buy more, how can reducing production help matters? And if the real trouble is not overproduction but underconsumption, how could forced economy and restricted consumption remedy a financial depression?

We are led back, therefore, to the problem with which we started. What evidence is there of a shortage of money and how has it come about?

According to Mr. Joseph Kitchin's calculations, the net addition to the world's stock of gold money during the last seven or eight years has been at the rate of 1¾ percent per annum, while the League of Nations' index of world production of foodstuffs and raw materials shows an increase of between 3 and 4 percent per annum during the same period. Assuming that the customary ratio between gold and the total amount of money has remained substantially unaltered, this rate of increase in the world's gold supplies is evidently insufficient to maintain a stable price level; since if the price level is to remain steady, the total amount of money must expand as fast as the production of goods and services.

Until a year ago the principal central banks of the world could draw on gold in circulation and in other ways could make the existing gold go further and thus compensate for the annual shortage in gold production. Consequently the fall in the price level before the recent drop was not so severe as it would have been otherwise.

The four most important gold-holding countries are the United States, France, Great Britain and Germany. The significant facts are that the United States has more than twice as much gold as before the War, that France has increased her stock by 10 percent since 1913 and by more than 20 percent since 1927, and that Great Britain and Germany had in December, 1929, less gold than they had before the War. During 1928 and 1929, France absorbed more than the whole gold production of the British Empire (only about half of which is used for money) and 30 percent more than the total supplies of gold added to the world's stock of money. During 1929, movements of gold were on an unprecedented scale. The net result was an increase in the stocks of the United States and France which already had ample supplies, and a depletion of the stocks of Great Britain and Germany. The severe loss of gold from London compelled the Bank of England to raise the bank rate to 6½ percent in order to raise the exchange value of the pound and stop the drain of gold. It is the Bank's paramount duty to maintain the statutory gold standard in Great Britain, but owing to the unique position of London as the central discount and produce market of the world, the effects of its actions are world wide.

This summary account of the events that precipitated the collapse in prices is necessarily inadequate and leaves a great deal unexplained. Further comment must be confined to three important points on which there is still some obscurity and differences of opinion among the experts. First, with regard to the enormous influx of gold into France, many people ask how it is that France has been able to import nearly $900,000,000 worth of gold during the last two years. The answer to this appears to be twofold. First, during the flight from the franc in 1926 and 1927, French institutions and private individuals bought vast quantities of foreign exchange and foreign securities exceeding probably, at the lowest estimate, $1,500,000,000 in value. When confidence was restored, the Bank of France obtained statutory powers to issue notes against foreign assets and was thus able to acquire the greater part of these foreign holdings by the issue of new paper francs. Secondly, there are technical reasons connected with the organization of the French money market and the statutes of the Bank of France which make it difficult to counteract the excessive influx of gold. It would be unfair to charge France with any deliberate attempt to sabotage the working of the gold standard, and it is probably truer to say that the situation got out of hand more through imperfect realization of the significance of what was happening than through any attempt to obtain a national advantage for France at the expense of other countries. In the working of the gold standard the interests of all countries are so closely intertwined that an injury to one injures all.

The second point of interest concerns the gold reserves of the United States. It is commonly alleged in Europe that the United States is partly responsible for the rise in the value of gold (which is only another way of describing the fall in the price level) through its success in cornering about 45 percent of the world's gold reserves and hoarding supplies largely in excess of their minimum statutory requirements. Here again it is profitless and illegitimate to criticize the working of the Federal Reserve system. Indeed the success of the Federal Reserve Board in "managing" the gold standard from 1922 to 1928 in such a way as to prevent a rise in the price level, which might otherwise have been brought about by the automatic expansion of credit to the full extent permitted by the Federal Reserve Act, has supplied the world with a convincing and much-needed demonstration that it is within the power of central banks to expand and contract credit at their discretion and thus prevent undue fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. Unfortunately the Federal Reserve Board's record of successful management broke down last year largely because it was a national body trying to deal with an international problem on national lines and not an international Reserve Board controlling the credit situation in the world as a whole.

Lastly, we come to the peculiar position of London in the world's monetary system. It is not generally recognized to what an extent the relatively smooth working of the gold standard before the War depended upon the efficient management and watchful control exercised by the Bank of England; nor is it always recognized how profoundly this situation has been altered by the War. One of the most disquieting results of the maldistribution of gold is that while heavy gold exports from London must inevitably involve a contraction of credit in Great Britain, they can no longer be counted on to serve automatically as a basis for credit expansion elsewhere. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the expansion and contraction of credit in the world as a whole (and consequently the course of prices in world markets) depend more on what happens to the relatively small stock of about £60,000,000 or so of free gold held by the Bank of England than on the rest of the gold put together. Most of the rest is either tied up as statutory backing for internal note issues, or hoarded as superfluous bullion, or prevented from being used by suspension of gold payments and prohibition of exports. The "shortage" of gold is thus to a large extent artificial and is accentuated by the widespread tendency to hoard stocks of gold in excess of legal requirements and without any practical connection with the working of the international gold standard. London still retains its pre-war position as the monetary center of the world, but the maldistribution of gold has rendered it more sensitive than ever to accidental shocks and has at the same time weakened its powers of control.

It is obvious, then, that the only rational remedy for the paradoxical state of overproduction and underconsumption from which the world suffers is actually the creation of more money. Translated into technical terms this means a world-wide expansion of credit through the purchase of bills and securities by the central banks and a still further reduction of the discount rate in the world's money markets. Central banks are already doing what they can in this direction, but in the absence of unified control, and even of a common policy, they have to watch each other carefully to avoid getting out of step with each other and accentuating international gold movements. The chief hope at the moment is that France may see the error of her ways and take steps to put an end to the influx of gold. Only a short time ago the French Minister of Finance publicly stated that the French government was engaged in deliberating measures to stem the influx of gold. This is the most encouraging news that has been given to the world since the depression started.

Looking to the future the best hope lies in the slow growth of a disposition on the part of central banks to seek a solution of the gold problem by concerted international coöperation. The old idea that the working of the gold standard was something automatic, providential and beyond human control has been largely abandoned; and it is beginning to sink into the world's consciousness that an international monetary system cannot be satisfactorily regulated by the uncoördinated and competitive maneuvers of a score or more of separate national authorities. The Bank of International Settlements was originally designed to fulfill some of the functions of an international central bank. As finally drawn, its statutes give it no powers of so ambitious a kind, but at least its creation has provided a common meeting ground for the representatives of central banks (though not of the Federal Reserve Board). Wisely administered it may make an important contribution to the problem of economizing the use of gold.

These are among the intricate and baffling problems which are now being explored by the League of Nations' Committee, which is inquiring into the gold problem. Given the growth of nationalist economic policies—a phenomenon which invariably accompanies trade depressions and falling price levels—and the much slower development of a disposition for and a technique of international coöperation, the outlook for the future is certainly disquieting. If the present competition for gold continues, the trend of the price level will continue downward with a periodical crisis like that of the past year.

The effects of a falling price level, contraction of purchasing power and aggravation of the burden of debts are felt in every direction in paralyzing business enterprise and retarding economic progress. Overproduction, lack of markets, agricultural depression, unemployment and budgetary difficulties

are among the most urgent preoccupations of governments throughout the civilized world. The remedies adopted or proposed, such as restriction of production, tariffs and subsidies, may benefit the interests of particular groups of producers and enable them to shift part of the burden onto other shoulders; but they do nothing to counteract the root cause of the trouble and they may even accentuate it. The monetary crisis is fundamental and concerns all countries. If the international gold standard is to be maintained and brought into line with the requirements of the modern world, some central authority, or at least some effective machinery of international coöperation, must be created to take the place of the present anarchy.

E. M. H. Lloyd.

Dwight Morrow in New Jersey

IF YOU read The New York World and if you believe what you read, you will have acquired an extremely high idea of the abilities and intelligence of Dwight W. Morrow. You will have been led to think seriously about the chances of his being elected next President of the United States.

Dwight Morrow has since October 13 been campaigning in New Jersey as Republican candidate for the Senate and has had an opportunity to express his opinions on the problems which are agitating the nation. The World has continued to applaud his utterances and to go into transports about his courage and sagacity. Mr. Morrow, according to The World, has the great merit of not being a politician: he is simply a very able and disinterested man who wants to be Senator from New Jersey.

When we actually refer to Morrow's speeches, however, it is difficult to see how he could have behaved very much differently if he had been an expert politician. If it is a sign of remarkable courage, as his supporters seem to believe, that he should come out for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it must be admitted at the same time that he could scarcely have chosen a state more ready to receive this declaration favorably—a state where all the old cider mills are still barreling the purest applejack, where most of the old beer saloons are still openly and comfortably serving beer, where even the hot-dog stands on the motor roads sell gin, where the inhabitants have never been at a loss as to how to get a drink, whether the choice wines and brandies of foreign countries freely landed along the Atlantic coast or that humbler grade of goods, distilled from a mash made of simple garbage, which has given garbage collecting a new dignity.

In his opening speech in Newark, Mr. Morrow began his campaign with the announcement of a theme which has since proved one of its dominating motifs. Of this idea, The World writes as follows: "The most notable quality of Mr. Morrow's first campaign speech was his ability to say what every intelligent person knows and no politician ever dares to utter. . . . It is all obviously true. In civilized society no one questions it. Yet how many candidates for office would admit it? . . . This is the language of intelligence. It is not, unhappily, the conventional language of politics. Indeed it seems to be Mr. Morrow's mission in American public life to demonstrate that to be simple, sincere, reasonable is not only pleasanter but is better politics than to be devious, calculating and strategical." What is this sincere, intelligent and non-political idea? Simply the conception that the nation's prosperity is not dependent on the accession to power of any particular party. Now it may be true that Mr. Morrow is neither devious, calculating nor strategical in making this particular statement at this particular time, but in order to prove this beyond a doubt, he really ought to have made it at a time when the Republicans were in and prosperity was booming simultaneously or when the Democrats were in and things were on the downgrade.

For the rest, Mr. Morrow's speeches have been utterly noncommittal and uninteresting. He has praised Mr. Hoover as a President and spoken with pride of the Naval Treaty, the product of "President Hoover's initiative and driving force," which has "eliminated for the first time in the history of the world competition in all classes of naval armament among the three leading naval nations of the world." Though he does not attribute prosperity under Coolidge to the beneficent influence of the Republican party, he accepts the myth that this prosperity existed as piously as Senator Fess: "A period of almost unparalleled prosperity began in 1923, a period in which the standard of living of the great majority of our people in all parts of the country was raised." Yes: but if it is true, as is estimated by the National Bureau of Economic Research, that in 1918, 85.9 percent of the gainfully employed in the United States made less than $2,000 a year and that 72 percent made less than $1,500, then, in spite of the 20-percent increase in income per person, it must still have been true that even at the peak of our alleged prosperity perhaps two-thirds of the families in America continued to be very poor indeed, while many of the others were a great deal too rich. But Mr. Morrow apparently believes that the motor cars and radios meant prosperity.

As for the present marked lack of prosperity, Mr. Morrow has a good deal to say and always the same thing. His message to the inhabitants of New Jersey on the subject of the economic crisis which has thrown four million people out of work is essentially the same as that conveyed in the telegram recently received by this magazine from the International Association of Lions' Clubs and requesting us to set aside the week of October 19 as Business Confidence Week.

Wherever he spoke, the good-will ambassador to Mexico told people that they must have confidence and that confidence would pull them through. He told them nothing else whatever. He said that "every employer who had faith was doing something to end the depression" and that "labor which avoids strikes" was also doing its bit. And he is not sure, as a matter of fact, that a little depression isn't rather a good thing: "There is something about too much prosperity that ruins the fiber of the people. The men and women that built this country, that founded it, were people that were reared in adversity." It is a reassuring thought, in the cold weather, that the emaciated men in the breadlines, the men waiting in line to get a chance to earn a few dollars wrecking a building, the men and women beggars in the streets, and the children dependent on them, are all having their fiber hardened.

At Trenton, Mr. Morrow told the people that "the resources of the United States are not going to help Trenton out of its difficulties. It will be accomplished by its people who have the courage of the men who built the city and by its industrial leaders who maintain their organizations until the turn comes." I suppose that it did require courage to build Trenton, one of the dreariest and most oppressive industrial towns in New Jersey—it required at least a dogged will to choke up a large city with factories and to make other people work for you in them. Mr. Morrow's hearty cheering on of everything that exists in New Jersey was even more incongruous in the case of Asbury Park. Here he reminded the Asbury Parkers that they had believed in their city of Asbury Park, they had come there and worked and built it up because they had believed in it, and that they must now apply that mountain-moving belief to the United States as a whole. Now one can enjoy Asbury Park, but I don't know that one can precisely believe in it any more than one can believe in Trenton. One can hope to make a living out of the Asbury Park hotels, shore dinners, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, shooting galleries, salt-water taffy and hot buttered pop-corn stands as one can out of the Trenton potteries. But it is hard to conceive them as ideals in which one can be said to believe, and as soon as one feels this difficulty about believing in Asbury Park and Trenton, a belief which is supposed to be the first step in attaining a larger and higher belief in the United States, one finds oneself led to doubt whether faith in the United States of the kind which Mr. Morrow desires to promote may not be open to the same sort of objections as faith in Asbury Park and Trenton.

I heard this speech at Asbury Park, and it is not too much to say that it was balderdash from beginning to end. It is true that Mr. Morrow is a tactful and ingenious man, that he is an admirable arbitrator. It is true that he did excellent work on the New Jersey Prison Commission, that he disentangled the Allied shipping during the War, that he presided ably over the aviation inquiry, that he reconciled Mexican and American, and Church and State, in Mexico. But he seems a strange candidate for liberals. He has never had any ideas: his statesmanship has never created anything, it has never proposed anything new. It has consisted solely in finding common denominators between the ideas or ambitions of other people.

Yet the accomplished arbitrator and former Morgan partner, whose opinions are such as I have indicated above, is probably the best that the old parties can produce and not unlikely to be our next President, as he is certain to be Senator from New Jersey.

Morrow struck me, when I heard him speak, as an honest and well intentioned man. He seems both earnest and naïve, and—unlike many politicians, to be sure—undoubtedly believes every word he says. Yet when one arrived at Krueger Hall in Newark, where Morrow was opening his campaign, one was greeted by a gigantic mechanical voice, as bleak and unappealing as the Newark streets, which filled the air in front of the auditorium and made it as easy to hear the speaker outside as in. And even when one had gone inside and caught a glimpse of the little man almost hidden behind the microphone, the same loud hollow voice still declaiming from the amplifiers seemed entirely unconnected with his gestures and the movements of his lips.

Mr. Morrow's recent speeches have been political speeches like any other political speeches, as superficial, as padded and as banal as any, and relying as much as any on meaningless catchwords and exhortations. If he weren't able to make such speeches, he wouldn't be running for Republican Senator in New Jersey. If he were in a position to enlighten his audiences as to what their prosperity had consisted of or why it had so suddenly collapsed or as to how they ought to proceed in order to avert such collapses in the future, he wouldn't have such a good chance of being President. Mr. Morrow is a sound, old-fashioned American, the product of high thinking and plain living, who has made his way by shrewdness, perseverance, industry and thrift; but his ideas about the present economic chaos do not, apparently, transcend the conviction that if everyone else would only do as he has done, everything would be for the best. And the gigantic ventriloquial voice which emanates from the nice little man is merely the voice of American capitalism.

EDMUND WILSON.

Who Opposes Mussolini?

The Factions Working for the Duce's Overthrow

BENITO MUSSOLINI, big-jawed and mobile-lipped orator, genius of the spoken word, whose ability to intoxicate crowds is equaled only by the ability of crowds to intoxicate him, son of a race whose gift of golden gab seems to flow from generation to generation with the milk of its prolific mothers, recently marched through the cities of Tuscany and Lombardy hurling forth threats and anathema.

With his remarkably sonorous voice and his gift for phrase making, he enchanted hundreds of thousands of his countrymen. Huge crowds howled their approval of what he said or, when his words were lost in vast public squares, of his brilliant line of gesticulatory tricks. He asked questions. Spokesmen in the crowds chorused replies, but always the correct ones.

It was a gorgeous show every time. Thousands of soldiers in gorgeous uniforms. Scores of bands. Flags flying. Prancing horses. A holiday for all; and, what is more, a holiday with full pay and in some cases free food, free lodging, free excursion tickets on the railways for many who lived in the remoter districts.

At Leghorn, Mussolini explained the purpose of his trip: "From time to time it is necessary for the Chief to come in contact with his troops to take their Fascist pulse." Thus, he quite frankly admitted that he chose to examine the patient's health under circumstances calculated to show it in the best possible light.

The fact that Mussolini for once selected an analogy from the field of medicine, instead of war, is in itself significant. Fascism's thoughts in 1930 are orientated toward actual survival rather than toward the splendid triumphs and victories of several years ago. Fascism is ailing. As a typical Italian dictator, Mussolini is finding the task of providing the people with *panem et circenses* increasingly difficult.

Italy under Fascism has lived in a state of war. During the last year the state of war has become a state of siege against invisible and internal enemies. Early this year Mussolini told a gathering of Podestas that "the economic situation of the country is the only important internal problem." The Podestas, along with millions of Italians, knew that this "only" problem is also one of politics and morale. The trip through Tuscany was an attempt to raise the morale of an economically besieged and suffering people, an attempt to renew the waning illusions of relief which is to come from a dream war which is to be won somehow and sometime between 1935 and 1940.

The success of the trip was ephemeral. Beneath the surface of calm and resignation, there seethes an intense and dangerous political activity whose most significant symptom is growing disrespect for the Fascist militia. There have been cases of open rebellion against it. For example, a mob at Sulmona shouted down the militia and demanded that it be replaced by the *carabiniere*. In July alone there were two attempts to wreck trains, an airplane flew over Milan scattering anti-Fascist literature, dozens of Fascists were beaten up and one, in fact, was killed.

Though these symptoms prove that the situation is becoming more acute, they should not be interpreted to mean that the Italians are preparing to overthrow Fascism. The Italians will probably do no such thing. The most sanguine of the anti-Fascists have no illusions on this score.

Anti-Fascists, non-Fascists and the millions of Italians who alternately praise and blame Fascism are in 1930 more or less united in the conviction that the regime must change its tactics and policies or be changed from without. The form of the change is not clear. The date is vague. Italy is waiting for a slip, for a "break." No one knows what it will be. It may be the death of Mussolini. It may be the complete victory of one or the other side in the tug-of-war between Mussolini and the Fascist party, or between the Nationalists and the Syndicalists within the party. It may be a declaration of war against a foreign nation. It may be some crisis like the Matteotti case. When the "break" comes, hundreds of thousands of Italians will hurl themselves upon the Fascist machine, not desperately or courageously, but certain that it will crumble at once.

There is ample justification to believe that the placid façade of Fascism conceals as much decay as does the mask of economic health and political tranquility. Mussolini is as strong as ever in the nation, but there are smaller men who have become strong in particular regions. Dictatorship may long retain its semblance of dignity and grandeur on a national scale, but it easily degenerates into vice and ugliness in a small city.

In the entire nation, there is no one man strong enough to succeed Mussolini as Fascist boss, but there are already many who cannot be expelled from the party, even by the Duce. One region wars against another within the party, the intellectuals duel with the *squadristi*, the Nationalists with the Syndicalists. If Mussolini heeded all the demands for punitive expulsions, there would be no party,

a condition which some believe he himself favors.

Indeed, despite the internal squabbling within Fascism, the party has become a machine which is rapidly creeping up to Mussolini's level of strength. There was a test of strength last year and the *Duce del Fascismo* was roundly beaten. He made his Canossa by resigning several Cabinet posts.

If Mussolini at present offered the country a choice between himself and the party, he would undoubtedly be successful. But in a year or two the answer may be different. The Dictator has only a personal appeal; the hierarchical oligarchy he created has juridical strength. The Fascist Grand Council is a constitutional body which cannot be destroyed by the pen stroke of some post-Fascist government. Its creation has been regularly approved by the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate and the King—approved under "unusual" conditions, it is true, but, in the eyes of a people who have been fed for twenty centuries on *diritto romano,* nevertheless approved.

Mussolini holds the party at arm's length by winking at scandal and corruption, by beating the drums of war before the entire nation, by subtly fostering internal dissension among the lesser leaders and by being infinitely shrewder than the other Fascists. A relatively small core of the Fascist party is firm and healthy. With its Spartan morality and its sternly exigent codes of conduct it is, perhaps, the soundest and most trustworthy human organization Italy has known since the days of the Orders of Chivalry. This core is overwhelmed by the *canaille*. The moment the rank and file of the Fascists realize that their position is seriously weakening, there will be a stampede, a stampede like that at Caporetto, when the army's morale broke, like that of Liberals in the face of the rising tide of Syndicalism-Communism, like the rout of Socialists and Syndicalists when the Fascists came upon the scene or like the breakup of Fascist unity during the aftermath of the Matteotti affair. In each case a stampede created the debacle; in each, failure in morale preceded and caused the defeat.

The situation within the Fascist party is the only possible explanation of the fact that an anti-Fascist movement is growing by leaps and bounds. One single year has seen the creation of three separate and highly organized anti-Fascist political groups. To one who knows Fascist Italy, it is inconceivable that Mussolini is not completely aware of the existence of these groups. He permits them to exist because he needs them in the eventual struggle against his own henchmen.

It is possible, of course, that Mussolini does not dare act against the anti-Fascists. This is their own view of the situation. It is also possible that he really does not know of their existence. At any rate, a description of their activities and aims must necessarily be confined to generalities.

It is not entirely accurate to say that anti-Fascist political activity is of recent origin. The organized opposition to Fascism was destroyed in 1925 after Mussolini's famous speech of January 3, in which he delivered a forty-eight-hour ultimatum to the Aventine group. Every vestige of organized antagonism was destroyed in the period between November 1926, when the Decrees for the Defense of the State were issued, and the end of the next year.

Throughout this period, however, Communism continued its propaganda and the Socialists in the North were never wholly inactive. But the Liberal opposition was not reorganized in any coherent form until late in 1929.

The Communists represent the greatest danger to Fascism: first, because they have been consistently and amazingly courageous; second, because they have had aid from abroad and, third, because their type of organization is most effective and lends itself most easily to conditions in a dictatorial regime. When the Liberal leaders were afraid to show themselves at Montecitorio, the Communists again and again came out into the open and had to be beaten down with fists and clubs in hand-to-hand fights, although they were outnumbered by a hundred to one. Since the murder of Matteotti and the death of Amendola from injuries, the Liberals have had no leaders of such physical courage.

At present the Communists are intimidated neither by the police nor by the courts. Thousands of them have been injured. Other thousands are on the penal islands or in jail. The Special Tribunal for the Defense of the State almost daily condemns dozens of them with scarcely the semblance of a hearing.

The Socialists constitute the second group of anti-Fascists. They have compact groups which are in direct touch with exiles abroad. They are committed not only to the overthrow of Fascism, but to a struggle against the monarchy and direct Church influences. The Republicans have more or less thrown in their lot with the Socialists, who carry out their program of organization in the industrial regions of the North by means of conversations, small meetings, shop-committee groupings and the like. Both the Communists and the Socialists spread hundreds of thousands of letters and leaflets, many of them going through the mails in plain envelopes. There are probably twenty or more regular magazines devoted exclusively to anti-Fascist propaganda, some printed abroad and smuggled across the frontier, others printed or mimeographed in Italy. These include weeklies of special appeal, some humorous, some intended for women, others for school children.

The third group of the opposition is Liberal. It is composed of "groups of order" eager to take advantage of the results of Fascist mistakes in the economic field and equally eager to block the activities of the Socialists and Communists. In the opinion of the Liberals, the anti-Fascists abroad who talk of democracy in the French sense, of Republicanism, of Socialism and even of Communism, are false prophets.

The Liberals do not know what will come after Fascism. Many of them do not care so long as "legality" is restored. They believe that the Church and the monarchy will remain, that the legal instruments of government destroyed by Fascism will be restored, that the army and police will maintain order (for a while perhaps quite as severely as the Fascists did, but without injustice and vindictiveness), and that the King's Ministers, hoping that the country will have profited by its experiences, will be willing again to try the experiment of freedom and representative government.

The Liberals include the Monarchists, the Catholics, the Freemasons who, while maintaining international relations, do not assume the ideas of the Second International, professional people, business men, industrialists, etc. These groups have come to an agreement among themselves to hasten the end of Fascism, to face the peril of Communism and to avoid the serious disorders which they believe may attend the progressive decline of economic conditions. Their agreement is complete on three points: the struggle against Fascism and Communism, the support of the monarchy and respect for the Lateran agreement, and a dignified foreign policy devoid of saber-rattling.

The Liberals have agents traveling all over the country (many of them are employees of the railway and postal services), who spread news by word of mouth or by chain letters. They arrange small private meetings, gather money and otherwise prepare for the moment of action.

In general, the Liberals have agreed that at the moment of Fascism's downfall, they will ask the King to declare a "state of siege" until a transitional government can restore the constitutional guarantees maintained before the advent of Fascism. They believe the King will grant their request; but if he proves himself as timid as he was in 1924 after the Matteotti debacle, they believe he will be willing to abdicate in favor of his son, Humbert. Indeed, the Fascist law which gives the Grand Council a voice in determining the succession to the throne, is generally considered to have been a prescience of such an abdication, the Fascists counting on the Duke of Apulia as their candidate in an emergency.

The Liberal bloc counts on the support of the army and navy. If the organization can be carried out successfully, Liberals believe the Fascist militia can be overcome without much bloodshed. The bloc also counts on the direct support of the monarchy and aristocracy. It already has friends in high places. It feels that it can rely on the leaders in educational and intellectual life, on financiers, industrialists and business men, all of whom have bitter complaints against Fascism.

Most important of all from the Italian point of view, the Liberals, despite their alliance with the Freemasons, count on the support of the Church. This in Italy means a compact organization of more than half a million men with vast financial resources. The Liberals believe there never can be an adjustment between the Church's "valorization of human life" and Fascism's Hegelian doctrine which subordinates the human being to the State, transforming him into a tool and a spiritless instrument.

Fascism's apparent answer to growing discontent is the traditional one: the police and the militiamen who are ordered to watch, to spy, to warn and, if possible, to obtain condemnations by the courts. There is not the least indication on the surface that Fascism intends to get at the root of the difficulty.

The growing opposition means merely that Fascism will eventually be forced to make revolutionary changes in its own structure. The most intelligent Liberals tacitly realize the nature of the problem. As their tentative candidate for the head of the transitional regime they have chosen a "moderate" Fascist. A return to the old Liberal regime of the Giolitti days, of the system of *la combine,* is inconceivable. A new Fascism cannot be Liberal or Democratic, but it can be enlightened and representative.

"Chi piglia una tirannide," Machiavelli said in his "Discorsi Sulla Prima Deca di Tito Livio," *"e non ammazza Bruto, e chi fa uno stato libero, e non ammazza i figliuoli di Bruto, si mantiene poco tempo."* Fascism killed Brutus, but those who would destroy Fascism and create a Free State cannot kill the children of Brutus, for the children of Brutus constitute an entire generation. The youth of Italy is Fascist in spirit.

But Fascism and Communism are so close to each other that it can be said with equal truth that the youth of Italy is potentially Communist. A Communistic Fascism or a Fascist Communism, in short some sort of wedding of the two systems on Italian lines, is distinctly conceivable, far more so than any combination of Liberalism and Fascism. Italy's major problem is economic and will remain economic for generations. It must be obvious by now that the solution of such a problem for a poor and backward country leaves little room for the "sweetness and light" of the nineteenth century.

If it be true that the principal lament in Fascist Italy is based on the presence of oppression and the absence of bread, it must be equally true that the objection against Fascism is nothing more than a realistic, empirical unwillingness to give something for nothing. If tomorrow Fascism—or let us say Mussolini—were able to make the choice and commit Fascism openly either to intelligent capitalism or to communism, it would give the regime a new lease of life. Either one of the two would have some chance of eventually giving the people their *panem et circenses* in some form or other. Either one would have to be Italian in order to make adjustments to the Church, to national tradition and temperament, but either would be better then the anachronistic, confused, romantic, sentimental middle-classism of present-day Fascism, which goes out in its rags to defeat France and takes off its spectacles to avoid seeing the "class war."

PERCY WINNER.

The Mexican Exposition

IN THE catalogue of the exhibition of Mexican arts, credit is given to Ambassador Morrow for the initial conception, and he is to be thanked for it. The American Federation of Arts, with various names and active personages, then took the matter up, it seems, and at length sent Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of the Department of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, to Mexico for a month, during which he traveled about and considered the possibilities and scope of the field. Seeing Mexico in a month is something of a comic idea no doubt, but we must have names and pontifications; and the whole thing comes down to the fact that the choice and the arrangement of this present exhibition, now to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum and later to travel for some ten months or more over the country, was done by Count René D'Harnoncourt. The choice and the arrangement are, so far as the matter of art is involved, everything.

Working with the rather shy, simple and at the same time warm, glowing and passionate material of these crafts and fine arts, from a country nearest of all countries to us and less understood perhaps than any in Europe, was a perilous problem. How to be a little stuffy and academic in the museum manner, and at the same time delicate and creative, bold and sympathetic, fluent, decorative and amusing, as well as honest and exact, is indeed a problem. Of all exhibitions I have ever seen anywhere, the arrangement and presentation of this was the most dangerous; a false note and the whole impression would have missed fire and sunk toward triviality. Count D'Harnoncourt has done a remarkable piece of work: such *con amore,* such skill in groupings, such persuasive neighborhood among lovable but slight and elusive objects, such good faith in the midst of a foreign mind and art, such taste and such lack of all condescension and sterility, cannot be praised too much.

The novelty and fecundity, and at the same time the simplicity and limitation of this Mexican exhibition, lie in the fact that it comprises art that is Mexican. The arts as they have flourished in Mexico—Spanish, Italian and French influences, imitations and accomplishments mostly—are left out. Cabrera, for example, was a painter of no small genius but he painted for the aristocracy, who in all forms of art wanted again what they were familiar with in their own mother countries; and so Cabrera has no part in such an assemblage as this, no more than the *talavera* from the Puebla kiln, which was founded to repeat Spanish ceramics in the New Spain and was governed by rules strictly providing for Spanish masters, designs and molds. The Spaniards, arriving in Mexico in the sixteenth century, in all their power and brilliance and the indomitable course of their fabulous marches and conquests, made it their policy, as time went on, to suppress and destroy every vestige of fine arts among the conquered Indians. These arts had served mostly religious and aristocratic purposes and were, therefore, if Spanish culture and Spanish will were to put their stamp on all things everywhere, profound hindrances and very little else. The artistic impulse and necessity were accordingly pushed back into the remote strata of the popular life; and in the shadow of the Indian nature, hidden almost, indestructible and human, they went on. The arts, flourishing, unself-conscious and humble, survived to a large extent in the form of crafts; in which crafts greater motives and ancient memories and fresh impulses were reflected, and the gist and soul of them preserved.

To understand this exhibition's point and urgency, one must know, then, this much of the history from Spain's heyday on till the Madero revolution of 1910. At this time there began that renaissance in native feeling, that affirmation of Mexican culture and artistic motive, as distinguished from European influences and borrowings, which have resulted in the painting movement now known internationally. The monuments of this painting impulse cannot, of course, be shown in any exhibition, not the astounding frescoes with which Diego Rivera has covered the walls of those famous patios, offered to such new spirits by the Mexican government, not the frescoes of José Clemente Orozco and others. But toward this painting all the little crafts, the quiet potters, working in far-off provinces, the mask makers, the feather workers and workers in stone, the silversmiths and carvers in leather, the toy makers, the people themselves with their ceremonies and dances and songs, have made their contributions. Count D'Harnoncourt has subtly arranged the exhibition so that this fact may creep into the mind without formal notification. There is no separation hard and fast in the big room; but you feel presently this division. One half presents the arts and crafts pursued unconsciously nearly always, out of the need to live and express oneself, out of the people's play and piety, festivity and humor, and the second half allows for the other artists, the painters, sculptors and modelers, the conscious modern artists.

The collection presents capital selections from the innumerable clay, wood, glass and straw images and objects which are sold in millions every year, throughout the cities and little towns of Mexico, some of them known to tourists, some strange and secret even to Mexicans and scholars. There is a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century featherwork from Pátzcuaro, and a Toluca bedcover, brown and white, early nineteenth century; there are the silver *milagros,* which are little votive images hung on the robes of saints for favors received or blessings sought; there are lacquered *bateas,* the shallow bowls so much in use, lacquer boxes, chests and gourds, chased steel *machetes,* spurs and stirrups. Some of the archaic impressions that the pottery affords remind you of Crete and Knossos, though not so beau-

tiful and fresh in tone; and the pottery vases and jars have a beauty and distinction at times that cannot be ignored. The pottery, the lamps and little lanterns in tin—original manipulations of conventional patterns borrowed from Europe—illustrate what is true of so much of this Mexican craft, that it is to be used, it belongs to the people, it serves its purposes, and into this utility and homeliness it injects the playfulness, gentle brutality and lovely or wayward design. This means that—of these authentic pieces, not made for tourists or export—everything done is rooted somehow or other in the lives of the makers and the users; which in its turn means that the craft has in it health, and careless poetry, and its own delight and serviceable zest.

The paintings include a section of one of Rivera's earlier frescoes, two or three canvases not his best, and a capital drawing with water color of a man in a tall hat; though it is obviously not possible to exhibit this artist at anything like his full height. One is only reminded by these hints from him of that magnificent range and bite and vitality that appears in the frescoes. Orozco's "Zapata" and his "Peace" nearby, with their enormous rhythms, their sullen and volcanic color and their moody power, I prefer, on the other hand, to much of his large fresco painting. There is a Julio Castellanos of two women and a child, Máximo Pacheco's beautiful canvas of "The Orphans," with its two figures, the rocks, the water, the shadow and light; and among the sculptural pieces is included a very strong and witty portrait in wood of the President of the Agrarians by Mardonio Margaña—what dullness is here, what matter of factness, what incredulity and deliberation, and a something enduring like a loaf of bread! Among the small paintings there are several by Miguel Covarrubias, famous and beloved among us for his cartoons, but here represented by beauty of feeling, wit and technical finish. The upper part of his picture of the woman with the basket of fruit on her head has, in the fruit, the color, the leaves, the design, such lovely chic and distinction as we seldom see, and what's more, a kind of masculine and devoted painstaking and finish that is often sadly missed in modern painting.

No books and no words can give to those who wish to further their understanding of the Mexican quality what an exhibition like this can give. You must have a sharp eye and you will see this strange mixture of the tender and soft with strength, harshness, hot, dark emotion. Here is a sense of color that is unique, unlike that of any other country, not Spain even; and a veritable genius of stern folk rhythm. A child's fancy and artless pleasure and invention; and some fierce, uncertain barbaric center. A kind of burning fatalism. Ardor, mysticism, sardonic cynicism, graphic irony, reckless depths, natural affection, grave form and decency, smoldering memory. This exhibition will bear watching. As a study in quality, approach, understanding, it has more than one kind of significance that he who runs may read.

STARK YOUNG.

Washington Notes

HERE on the eve of the election with the fight all over, the Republican campaign managers in the field and the little group of House-machine leaders have reached the stage where they privately say that holding control depends altogether on Ohio and Indiana. They have gone over the ninety-odd doubtful districts throughout the country with a fine-tooth comb. They have surveyed conditions, have conceded Democratic congressmen in one or two districts where the chances seem even, and then they come down to Ohio and Indiana. This is a curious situation, an extraordinary contrast to the Republican confidence of a few months ago. What it means is that the Republican party is more on the defensive this fall than in many years, that it is disheartened over the lack of prosperity which has heretofore been the great party asset, and that it is in distress at the change of sentiment making it impossible for Republican candidates to pussyfoot, straddle and evade the prohibition issue now as they have in the past.

I still maintain that for the most part the result in the districts is more dependent upon the personality of the candidates and local conditions than upon national issues. This contention I think is sustained in state after state and district after district. In some, the Republican candidate, though affiliated with the administration, is conceded victory solely by reason of personal strength with his constituents. In others the same thing is true of the Democrat. I do not say that unemployment, business conditions and the tariff are not effective arguments in some sections, but unquestionably they are not the determining ones in the districts.

The real advantage Democrats have this time is the undoubted and unquestioned increase in Wet sentiment in every pivotal state and doubtful district. As their party has definitely swung far toward the Wet side—and is swinging farther all the time—Democratic nominees profit enormously from this. Republican candidates, having for the most part been Dry or evasive, now find the aggressive militancy of the Wets extremely embarrassing. A lot have endeavored to shift over—an effort that has usually resulted in resentment from both sides. Probably the most striking instance of the devastating effect of this strategy is in Illinois where, concededly, the perilous position of Mrs. McCormick, Republican senatorial candidate in a great Republican state, is due to her effort to play both ends against the middle. If she is beaten, that and no national issue will have beaten her.

As for Ohio and Indiana, the reports that come in here confirm the idea that in both these heretofore Dry states it is the Wet sentiment that threatens a Republican upset. Practically everyone concedes that the Wet Democratic Bulkley will be elected Senator over the Dry McCulloch. The belief is that the Wets who elect Bulkley will vote for Democratic House candidates even when they are as Dry as their opponents, basing their support on the theory that the Democratic party is now the Wet party and that more can be expected from Democratic than from Republican congressmen. And, of course, the reasoning is straight. More is to be expected from them. A Wet majority for

Bulkley will be in the nature of a mandate to the Democratic congressmen elected with him.

About the same situation, I am told, exists in Indiana, though there is no senatorial seat at stake in that state. But there is a Wet revolt and the Republican organization congressmen who have heretofore been dominated by the Anti-Saloon League are menaced as a result. From Ohio now there are three Democratic members of the House and nineteen Republicans, while from Indiana there are three Democrats and ten Republicans.

If the Republicans can hold the Democratic gain in the one state to five, and in the other to four, they believe they can hold the House. If it goes above that, they privately and honestly think they are lost. And they are scared sick. It is true, too, that despite their claims of a general sweep, the really tin-tack Democratic politicians know that unless they make their big gains in Ohio and Indiana, the great goal of House control will not be reached. So far as I can gather, that is about the actual situation. The public interest will be centered in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and New Jersey, where the more colorful candidates are running and more noise is being made. But the interest of the hard-boiled managers will be in Ohio and Indiana. In those states the real fight is being made—and, proportionately anyhow, in them most of the National Committee money will be spent. Whether the Democrats capture the next House or the Republicans retain control will be a matter of considerable national political significance affecting the Hoover fortunes. The result, however, will have been determined by local, not national, conditions.

As for New York, at this writing, despite The New York World's grief over the lack of stalwartness in Governor Roosevelt's handling of the Tammany graft situation, the indications are that he will be elected. If this happens, he will owe this election, as he did the last, to the support of Alfred E. Smith. There seems very little doubt about that. Aside from the local charges and counter charges, the really interesting development of the campaign has been the waning—I think that is the word—of the Roosevelt presidential boom. A few months ago practically everyone—myself included—believed that reelection as Governor of New York made him the logical and unescapable party nominee for 1932. Now it seems nothing like so sure, and the reason, of course, is Tammany. He probably will win, but it is extremely doubtful if the rest of the country will forgive him for having failed to uncover Tammany corruption and Tammany graft in high places when he found himself forced to depend upon the support of that organization for his majority.

Certainly the World editorials on the subject will weigh pretty heavily against him after the election, though it is doubtful if they will lose any votes on November 4. The recent Tammany revelations have stamped that organization the country over as incurably wicked and have made the talk of the "New Tammany" seem silly and simple, which it is. The deep-seated prejudice against Tammany outside of New York is well recognized. Circumstances make it more pronounced now than it was in 1928. If he is elected, it will be a Tammany delegation that will present Mr. Roosevelt's name to the convention, a Tammany delegation in which will be seated some of the Tammany leaders who refused to waive immunity, a Tammany delegation probably headed by Mr. Curry, who claims he was insulted when asked to waive immunity.

It will not be easy to nominate for President a candidate thus backed, particularly a candidate whom the leading Democratic organ has practically accused of a complete failure to function when the test came. Personally, I have lost my belief in the revolt of the people against corruption. They just don't. But I do recognize the Tammany prejudice as real. One of the personal Roosevelt assets has been his anti-Tammany record. In this campaign he seems either about to lose that altogether or to come out with it very much diluted. It is significant that comment to this effect by some of our leading political publicists is appearing in many papers, along with the interesting suggestion that Owen D. Young may be the Democratic candidate after all—a suggestion I might say that does not seem to me entirely warranted by the facts. Certainly if Mr. Roosevelt, the reëlected Governor of New York, is not nominated, the nomination is not likely to go to another New York man.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Big, Little and Good Shows

I FOUND myself committed a short time ago to the statement that sophistication was rapidly ruining our musical shows, and, of course, the moment I saw the words in print I became aware of a half-dozen musicals which were at least in part sophisticated and which I had liked. On looking over the current offerings in New York, I feel that this most attractive form of American entertainment is threatened on two sides: by lack of sophistication in the big musicals and by a violent effort to be smart in the smaller ones. It is because "Girl Crazy" escapes both of these menaces that it rises buoyantly to the mind as a perfect show. With music by George Gershwin, who is more entitled than any other composer except Jerome Kern to try the grand manner, it remains simply a musical comedy and not an inflated operetta. In the hands of good professional producers and directors it has precisely those essentials at which critics have been sneering for years and which smarter shows often neglect: a comely chorus trained by a master, George Hale, a book which is unimportant and never too serious, lyrics which are tripping enough but do not make a show of erudition for its own sake, and costumes and settings which are entirely in the tradition and entirely attractive. Above all, it has the old-fashioned comic, Willie Howard, who has no great genius, but a talent and technique that are perfect in the medium.

On the big side, the most conspicuous example was a conspicuous failure, "Luana." This obituary notice is given because the faults of "Luana" persist in such a success as "Nina Rosa" and in the latest arrival, "Princess Charming." Neither of these two lacks interest, but the style of both is distasteful. Both run to elaborate romantic plots—our taste is so much changed that a musical show

seems the last possible place for the Ruritanian type of romance—and both go in for the heavy artillery of grand opera. In "Nina Rosa" the singing is exceptionally good, and in "Princess Charming" the comedy of Victor Moore and the general attractiveness of Jeanne Aubert give elements of interest. But the great thing about musical shows is not in single elements, but in the general tone and character.

Joe Cook sets the tone of any show in which he appears —a mild extravagance, a gentle lunacy, an attractive heartiness. His collaborator, Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote the book, is sympathetic with these qualities, but has imposed on Cook a satirical impulse which is foreign to him and is, therefore, an annoyance both when "Fine and Dandy" yields to it and when it escapes. It escapes in the second half chiefly by letting Cook do those amazing acrobatics of which he is a master, but which other people do, with less versatility, quite as well. This is an error in production, because an old hand like Earl Carroll would have scattered the acrobatics and integrated them into the show instead of leaving them a solid and rather heavy lump.

The matter of production is, of course, fundamental. The matchless dancing of Bill Robinson in "Brown Buddies" cannot carry a show which is produced like a Harlem night-club floor entertainment. The individual talent of Al Trahan "shined out," in the words of Molnar's "Violet," from "The Second Little Show." But the art of production is to make a star comedian or dancer or singer seem not startling and not even unique. I think that, when this is done, a musical show has a definite tone and, no matter what individual or what sketch you remember or forget, the spirit of the piece remains with you. "The Little Show," except for Trahan's magnificent clowning at the piano, comes to my mind only through some rather sad smartness which regrettably can be found in almost any show of the second order.

The natural successor to "The First Little Show" is "Three's a Crowd," because it exploits the talents of Libby Holman, Clifton Webb and Fred Allen, and they are eminent proof of my contention about the placing of stars. It happens that I do not admire Miss Holman and consider her talent overrated, and that I am still continually surprised when Clifton Webb does anything first rate beyond his dancing. Yet they are stars and other people feel about them as I do about Fred Allen, who with his murmured insinuations, with his parenthetical remarks which create overtones of amusement, is almost continually on the stage, yet is always a part of the show, perfectly in its tone of unlabored intelligence. This is attributed to Mr. Howard Dietz, who still has something to learn about fitting in the pieces he creates or collects, and about the proper placing of simple or elaborate sketches so that they will minister to each other, but who seems to have learned everything about pace and accent in revues.

"Girl Crazy" is a musical comedy, "Fine and Dandy" is a musical show without a definite style and "Three's a Crowd" is specifically a revue. The elements in these three types seem frequently to be identical, so that it must be a problem of balance and arrangement to acquire the desired total effect. It is because the effect is completely achieved in "Girl Crazy," and not because the type itself is any more honorable, that I place this production as easily the finest in the current musical field.

I am conscious, a little, of breaking a butterfly on a wheel. But I begin to think that there is quite a little justification for the process. Not that the wheel is the chosen instrument; but if we are to create butterflies it is just as well to dissect and with a powerful microscope to examine the gaudier insects which pretend to be butterflies, and learn to distinguish the true from the false. I still believe that if a few producers made this examination we should have more entertainment in our theaters.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

An Interracial Seminar

SIR: A representative group of persons interested in the improvement of race relations in the United States have formed the American Interracial Seminar. The first session of the Seminar will be held at various points in the South, November 11 to 21, to discuss the subject, "Negro Progress in the South."

The purpose of the Seminar is to consider typical interracial situations in the United States and the means of their improvement. The Seminar is non-partisan and will serve no propagandists' interests. It aims to provide a meeting place for persons with a variety of experience who have widely differing views as to what methods should be used for the improvement of race relations.

The Seminar will be in session this fall in Washington, D. C.; Richmond and Hampton, Virginia; Raleigh, North Carolina; Birmingham and Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; Nashville, Tennessee and other points.

Applications for membership in the 1930 session should be addressed to Hubert C. Herring, Executive Director, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York City. HUBERT C. HERRING.

Unemployment Insurance in England

SIR: In reading through the article on, "Unemployment Insurance in America," which appeared in the issue of October 8, I could not help taking exception to the major argument which you used to support your contention that America should adopt unemployment insurance.

Your major argument for this plan was one of example, I believe; namely, that the system is successful in Europe. You draw the conclusion that it, therefore, would work in this country.

During the past summer, I had the experience of witnessing one of the foreign examples in operation. The case in mind is that of England. While observing the working of the unemployment insurance, or Dole as they call it, I could not help realizing the failure and nuisance of this system.

As the plan works in England, men who are out of work gather at their city's public hall on each Friday to receive their portion of the Dole. It is true that tnis unemployment insurance is aiding a great many destitute families whose fathers would work if they could get it. But it is also true that the system is most conducive to habits which are detrimental to the nation. For instance, one man has the opportunity to work for twenty dollars a week; at the same time he can draw, we shall say, fifteen from the Dole. This man says to himself, "Why should I work forty-five hours a week for five dollars?"

Still another factor is the increasing amount of people who are coming under the Dole, but who don't really need its aid. Married women, 50,000 strong, were admitted this year to the benefits of this system. Most of their husbands were either working, or on the Dole themselves. The regulation used to be that a man had to have worked for a specified period of time before he could be admitted to the Dole, but early this year this restric-

tion was abolished, letting in a large number of people who had never worked before.

The fact that many people are too proud, even in the face of necessity, to accept the Dole shows that all working men are not in sympathy with it, to say nothing of those who must support this system.

This thought leads me to my last point: Who pays for the unemployment insurance? To be sure, the manufacturer pays a small part; but the majority of this burden falls on those who have no direct connection with industry. Virtually no one with even a small income escapes the vast number of taxes which are levied to help provide for the Dole. England is a tax-ridden nation today, largely on account of this system. We here in America have little conception of taxes as compared to what the Englishman has before him. The largest tax is the income tax, which is levied even on a modest salary. This takes away money that otherwise would be spent on labor and materials, and squanders it on the man who is getting enough from the Dole to make his incentive for work negligible.

Any system of unemployment insurance will have to be vastly improved before it should be accepted in America.

HAROLD G. KING.

Olivet, Mich.

[The case for unemployment insurance in the United States by no means rests on European experience with compulsory unemployment insurance. With more than 4,000,000 workers now unemployed in this country and with no prospect for their immediate return to work, The New Republic believes it sound industrial policy to make systematic provision for the relief of the unemployed and not to throw them into breadlines or upon the agencies of private and public charity. We have come to the conclusion, after examining the experience in Europe and, with more limited systems of insurance, in the United States, that it is entirely practicable and desirable to set up unemployment-reserve funds in this country and to administer them without repeating the mistakes of England and Germany. These mistakes, moreover, are quite different from what Mr. King describes them to be. Under the English plan it is impossible for a man to turn down a job in order to receive unemployment benefit. He must either take such suitable employment as is offered him by the employment exchanges or be dropped from the rolls of those eligible to benefit. From March 13 to August 11, 1930, more than 200,000 claims to benefit were disallowed by the courts of referees, one of several agencies charged with examining the validity of claims to benefit. Of these, 100,000 were refused because the claimants were not normally employed in insurable occupations, 33,000 because they left their last employment without just cause, and 17,000 because they refused to accept suitable employment. There is, further, little evidence that the numbers receiving benefits have increased appreciably as a result of changes in the rules. Between August 26, 1929, and August 25, 1930, the numbers registered as unemployed at the English employment exchanges rose from 1,190,000 to 2,106,000. This doubling of the army of unemployed is obviously not due to any changes in the administration of the unemployment insurance, but to the world-wide agricultural and industrial depression which has increased the volume of unemployment in all countries, including the United States. If the English system of unemployment insurance is to be improved, it will be improved by separating the relief and insurance functions of the present administration. But, even when this reform is accomplished, it will be necessary for England to continue to furnish relief to those unemployed who are willing to work and cannot get jobs, unless it is held that a modern civilized country can allow several hundred thousands of its citizens to starve.—THE EDITORS.]

Another Little Theater

SIR: A little-theater group is being formed to operate on a small, intimate scale. It is purely uncommercial in scope and will emphasize the literary rather than the dramatic. Anyone interested in joining should write me at 700 East Seventeenth Street, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MILTON GREENBLATT.

A Garland for Michael Gold

SIR: Mr. Michael Gold's remarks on Mr. Thornton Wilder, in the issue of October 22, suggest curious reflections on the way in which people's literary masks serve to conceal their real personalities. Mr. Gold, on the strength of Mr. Wilder's novels, describes the author as a wan and wayward esthete swooning in a field of lilies. Now I happen to have had the privilege of Mr. Wilder's acquaintance, and I can assure Mr. Gold that he is quite a different sort of person: he is one of the most bristling and bellicose people I have ever known. He holds very strong opinions and is ready to snap your head off about them. He is usually tense with indignation. Mr. Gold, on the other hand, whom I have also had the pleasure of meeting, is a person of great mildness and charm. Prepared for a Raging Lion of Marxism by his arrogant and savage writings in The New Masses, I found him an individual of such humility and sweetness of temper as is not to be equaled even by Mr. Wilder's novels. It is characteristic of him that when I first met him he was seated alone at a piano, playing and crooning to himself selections from "The Pirates of Penzance," while behind him a group of men in their shirtsleeves were playing poker and smoking long black cigars.

New York City. WALTER S. HANKEL.

SIR: The dogmatic treatment of Thornton Wilder by Mr. Michael Gold in the Fall Literary Section of The New Republic strikes one of your readers as a good example of what a review should not be. No one unacquainted with the novelist could learn from these paragraphs what Mr. Wilder was trying to achieve. To please Gold, writers must either be avowedly conservative or orthodox radicals. He is, of course, entitled to his preferences. But it does seem as if a crusader for "justice" might be a little fairer to a writer whom he dislikes, at least sufficiently so to tell his readers just what the author is really trying to do.

To some readers, even to those of us who protest against today's social order and who cannot accept the Christian solution of the problem raised by him, Mr. Wilder's novels are important because he makes us feel that he is grappling with a question of more than temporary significance. He is concerned over what happens to people when they are called upon to face more than they can bear.

Mr. Gold is interested chiefly in the frustrations incidental to our present social order. Mr. Wilder is troubled by problems which are likely to persist even after every proletarian reaches the paradise of which Mr. Gold permits himself to dream. It might be argued that possibly Mr. Wilder is more democratic or more broadly human than his critic, because he thinks that even the well-to-do are also people with bitter problems to face and with souls to be saved.

But we can let this pass. For all I wish to ask is whether it is fair for a review to berate a novelist for not specializing as Mr. Gold or Mr. Veblen might have wished, and to be silent about what the books were actually intended to say.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HENRY NEWMANN.

SIR: One need not consider himself hypersensitive if he feels outraged by Michael Gold's review of the works of Thornton Wilder in the Fall Literary Section. And the fault, sir, I would say is not in your reviewer, but in yourself. I am sure Mr. Gold wrote by the best light he had. But, sir, would you ask a drummer, however competent on his own instrument he may be, to play the violin in your orchestra?

Mr. Gold names with awe Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, Thoreau, and almost in the same breath snaps: "Where are the modern streets of New York, Chicago and New Orleans in these [Wilder's] little novels? Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? . . . Where are Babbitt, Jimmy Higgins, and Anita Loos's Blonde?" It might be kind, sir, to his friends, if you would inform Mr. Gold that Adam and Eve, and Satan, and Samson were not contemporaries of Milton; and that neither Julius Caesar, nor Romeo and Juliet, John, Henry V —not even Henry VIII—were Elizabethans.

Besides, a little humility is never unbecoming: which is all that I set out to say, anyway.

Newark, N. J. M. R. KONVITZ.

SIR: Michael Gold's diatribe against Wilder is unkind. Or is his stand made as the expected defender of crude Communism? Wilder's works are entertaining and thus let his prose be gauged. Discount the creed that every book must instruct and accept entertainment as being simply that. Reading Wilder thusly one is diverted with his light charm. (Or aren't Communists susceptible to charm?) Would Gold similarly inveigh against Ronald Firbank?

Forget the class war for a while, let thoughts of the Revolution wait, Michael, and relax for an hour, forgetting the necessity to be somber.

Philadelphia, Pa. JAY HARRISON ROSENBERG.

SIR: I cannot refrain from commenting on Michael Gold's review of four books by Thornton Wilder. Opinions may differ as to the literary merits or claims to immortality of "The Cabala" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," but to condemn them solely because they fail to raise a social issue is to introduce a sociological, not a literary, criterion. Shall we discard Shakespeare because he sought his material in the legends of Venice and Verona, and not in the agrarian problems of his day?

I have been taught, erroneously, no doubt, to think that the final test of any piece of writing is the manner in which the material is presented, not the material itself. The *roman à thèse* is seldom, if ever, a work of art, chiefly because it shows that lack of balance which characterizes Mr. Gold's review. To restrict imaginative writing to the consideration of social and economic problems is to impose an unwarranted restriction on the liberty of the writer.

May I point out finally that the very people whose cause is championed by Mr. Gold are most apt to seek escape in literature—not in Wilder's books, perhaps—but in such substitutes as movies dealing with remote periods or the leisure classes. Only recently M. Lunacharsky, erstwhile People's Commissar for Education, had occasion to state that the Russian workers preferred "Carmen" to plays depicting their daily existence, and attributed this phenomenon to their desire to escape from reality.

New York City. VERA MICHELES DEAN.

SIR: It is interesting (once in a great while) to read such an appraisal as Mr. Michael Gold's, from the proletarian-literary point of view, of Mr. Wilder, who is to Mr. Gold "the poet of the genteel bourgeoisie." (That is, anathema.) And, then, it was instructive (for once) to read, in the advertising columns of the same issue, Mr. Gold's blurb—"a burning and imperishable epic"—applied to a book very appropriately entitled "Strike!" (The exclamation is, of course, a part of the title, not the full stop of my sentence.)

It is puzzling (frequently) to consider that one never reads such appraisals with the terms reversed: say, Mr. Wilder, speaking for the "genteel bourgeoisie," on, say, Mr. Gold, speaking for the literate proletariat (though hardly in terms of poetry). But it is evident (finally) to conclude that, in this hypothetical case at least, the "genteel bourgeoisie's" representative has better judgment and better taste than to publish his opinion of proletarian literature (as she is wrote).

The Man from Mars always finds out everything there is to learn about life on this planet Earth; but who on earth knows anything about life among the canals of the red planet? (It doesn't seem to work both ways.)

New York City. CHARLIE BEARD.

The Digest Poll Again

SIR: Through my letter to you regarding the Literary Digest poll on prohibition, I find myself involved in a controversy with Mr. William Seaver Wood, editor of The Literary Digest.

I indicted the Digest prohibition poll upon three counts: First, that the poll was "loaded" as to the percentage of voters polled in Wet states over those polled in Dry states; second, in the percentage of city dwellers over country dwellers; and third, in the percentage of men over women. The last two points Mr. Wood covers by the statement that I am "criticizing with no facts to go on." But can it be that Mr. Wood did not read the open letter which The Christian Herald addressed to The Digest, April 10, 1930, challenging it to give the figures as to the percentages of men and women in the Digest poll, and asking whether the mailing lists were open "to properly safeguarded inspection?" The Christian Herald informed The Digest that out of over 1,100 ballots delivered through one post office, only one in eighteen went to women. In a large bundle of misdirected ballots the same proportion held. The Christian Herald printed a tabulated return from thirty-three churches in thirteen states, and out of 23,686 persons counted in thirty-three churches, it was found that ballots had been received by 1,761 men and only 686 women. Why does Mr. Wood refuse to furnish the facts on this point and take refuge in the statement that there are no facts?

As to the second point, the percentage of city dwellers over country dwellers in the Digest poll: it is obvious that the addresses of farmers are difficult to obtain, and the addresses of farmers' wives still more difficult. In the Digest poll, Philadelphia, which has 20 percent of the population of its state, polled 27 percent of the vote. Philadelphia voted 16 percent for enforcement and 59 percent for repeal; Pennsylvania, exclusive of Philadelphia, voted 32 percent for enforcement and 41 percent for repeal. Here is an obvious source of error.

Finally, did The Digest send too large a proportion of its ballots to the Wet states and too small a proportion to the Dry? Mr. Wood states that the percentage was the same as the percentage of votes cast in each state in the 1928 election. But The New Republic was discussing the chances of obtaining the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; and when the American people vote on this question, they will vote by states, and on a basis, not of votes previously cast, but of population. The three Wet states; New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, have 21 percent of the population of the country, and in the Digest poll they cast 1,351,222 votes. Nine Dry states, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, South Carolina and Texas, have 20 percent of the population, but in the Digest poll they got only 445,727 votes. Thus it appears that nine Dry states, having almost equal representation in the House with three Wet states, cast a little over one-third as large a vote in the Digest poll. These nine Dry states have three times the number of Senators as the three Wet states; so, as regards the Senate, the Digest poll favors the Wets over the Drys by nearly nine times. For the above figures I am indebted to Mr. Floyd Neff, statistician of Philadelphia.

Mr. Wood ends his letter by pointing out the results of the Republican primaries in New Jersey; one Dry got 20 percent of the vote, while two Wets got 80 percent. But one of these Wets was D. W. Morrow; and why doesn't Mr. Wood deal with states where the Wets have had to rely upon ordinary mortals? According to the Digest poll, 71 percent of the voters of Pennsylvania oppose the present prohibition laws. They had a chance to vote for a wealthy, "soaking Wet" candidate, Mr. Phillips, director of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. The Phillips vote was 264,460, whereas the vote for Pinchot, the "bone Dry" candidate, was 634,000. With every kind of propaganda, and the spending of some $200,000, Mr. Phillips could find fewer voters in the whole population of 10,000,000 persons than The Digest was able to find in a canvas of 526,853 citizens! The same kind of thing happened in Maine and in Nebraska.

It will happen that way right along, Mr. Editor, and the reason is the women. In America it is the men who drink and the women who suffer. At least, that is true in all except the three depraved groups whose women drink—the slum poor, the idle rich and the art-for-art's-sake intellectuals. With the rest of the population, all that is needed is a campaign of education, and you may rest assured that the temperance forces will supply that. I am writing a novel to help them; but you may leave out this statement if you think it sounds too much like an advertisement.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

Molière

Molière, by John Palmer. New York: Brewer and Warren. 494 pages. $5.

BIOGRAPHERS have had a lively time with the life of Molière. About few writers do we know so much and so confusedly. The anecdotes, libels and scandals told about him would alone fill a large volume. Some are entertaining and incredible, like the spectacle of Louis XIV, that Grand Monarch, carving the comedian the wing of a chicken. Others are quite as incredible, but very horrible, like the frightful story of his marriage at the age of forty to the young girl alleged to be his daughter by a former mistress. With such travesties Mr. Palmer deals shortly and sensibly They are the extravagances of admirers or the inventions of enemies. Molière had an excess of both. They gained currency partly because actors in the seventeenth century were supposed to do the sort of things recorded against them: they behaved no better than they should. They have been perpetuated by biographers in the amiable way biographers have of bringing up something we have forgotten in order to tell us there is no truth in it. The curious may study them in the "Collection Molièresque" of Paul Lacroix.

With these out of the way, Mr. Palmer is still faced with the difficult task of integrating in a comparatively short space the variety and vivacity of Molière, and, in particular, of fairly balancing the contradictory sides of his nature. He has succeeded in creating an exact and reasonable portrait; he paints the background broadly—possibly too broadly—and his intimate knowledge of drama has enlarged the book into a kind of history of the theater in France of the seventeenth century. This has been difficult to do in the face of so much conflicting evidence and with so much depending on the right interpretation of the biographer, but there are very few places where one feels the tone has gone wrong, and these are mostly verbal and trivial, as when Mr. Palmer tells us that "The Map of the Tender Passion was the Michelin Guide to society"—a rather tiresome sort of reference.

Mr. Palmer does not minimize the complexity of Molière's character. He lived a full and varied life, and it may be said he did one job as well as another, with one exception. He accepted from his father the duties of *valet-tapissier du roi* and continued to perform them throughout his life, in spite of the courtiers who objected to a bourgeois and an actor helping them to make the King's bed. He managed the Illustrious Theater, a coöperative touring company which he had largely created; he improvised command performances for them with a brilliance and facility that reminds us of Mozart; he was their chief comedian; he finally brought them to Paris to be the finest company in the city led by the first dramatist in Europe; he fought successfully to raise the status of actors and the prestige of comedy at a time when actors were still rogues and vagabonds and comedy mostly a thing of naught; and out of the buffoonery and farce of the *commedia dell' arte* in Paris he created the first comedy of manners for France —in effect, for Europe.

Not one of these really satisfied Molière. He was by nature serious, even melancholy—a contemplative, as his friend Boileau called him. His favorite poet was Lucretius and his pleasantest moments were in translating him. The greatest ambition of the comedian who set all Paris laughing was to write and act in a heroic play. It needed the combined and persistent efforts of his friends, his enemies, his fellow actors and his declining box-office receipts to convince him that his "Don Garcie de Navarre, ou le Prince Jaloux," which he sputtered and hiccoughed to dwindling audiences that clamored for his Mascarille, his Sganarelle, was his only "complete and unambiguous failure." He returned to Lucretius in private and continued his comedies in public.

Molière, qui n'est pas rieur,
En rit aussi de tout son coeur.

This contradictory life closed fittingly in a final paradox. The dramatist who had done more than any single person of the century to create for society an intelligent moral consciousness died without being allowed a priest and was refused Christian burial. His wife said, "They refuse a tomb to the man who deserves an altar."

One cannot quarrel with limitations of space. As it stands, Mr. Palmer's book is long, and he needs every page to present fairly the picture of Molière; but one would be glad to have, from so competent an authority, a further relation of Molière to the men of his time, and to his imitators in the Restoration comedy of England. An interesting situation may be read between the lines of his book and might be profitably expanded. Obviously the wealth of information we possess about Molière, factual and critical, could have come only from an extremely civilized society, critical, self-interested and very definitely integrated.

The preoccupation with contemporary literature and the first-rate discussion of it in France is, I fancy, much beyond what went on in England. One does not find Waller, Wycherley, Temple critically and helpfully observing Dryden, say, as Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine and even Corneille observed and helped Molière, discussing him in public for their own benefit, and his, and ultimately ours. There is certainly a difference in the background—or in the stability of the background—of the two countries. The political, ecclesiastical and social regimentation in France set a stable background for literature, which became an important part of the general culture, to be documented as precisely and critically as the marriage papers of the Poquelin family or the curriculum of the Jesuit school at Clermont. This may account for what I believe to be the quite excellent contemporary criticism of Molière. We seem to see much more clearly what was happening in seventeenth-century France than what was happening in seventeenth-century English literature, precisely because the French writers themselves saw better, and were careful to record what they saw.

This is not always true of the criticism of Molière, but it can scarcely be denied that it is largely true. On the whole, we have not found reason to depart from the general point of view of his contemporaries. As early as 1660, and in as unlikely a play as "Le Cocu Imaginaire," discerning audiences were discovering "nature and character" —in a farce where we, as Mr. Palmer notes, might see mere artifice. "The comedy rests entirely upon observation," says the Sieur de Neuvillaine. Later Molière is called "painter"; his "detachment" is stressed. Molière himself calls attention to the matter of comedy as "the correction of social absurdities," and he is reported to have said, "I have only to study the world." Here are three principles, or attitudes, new to the French drama: realism, critical detachment, the corrective comic spirit. They are characteristic of Molière and of the comedy of manners. Sainte-Beuve stresses the lyricism; Mr. Palmer, inventiveness. Both are, of course, right, but the contemporary judgment contains the gist of the matter. It was left to

Rousseau to discover that this was anti-social. Here again the intelligence of the original audience (*vide* Boileau, Menage, etc.) was quick to perceive Molière's intention and quick to react. We do not need to think of the spectacular damage done to the exquisites in their alcoves by "Les Précieuses Ridicules." The point is that when Molière no longer startles *us* into contemplation of others' silliness with delight and our own with dismay we shall know we are silly beyond redemption.

P. M. JACK.

Death to the Novelists!

The John Riddell Murder Case, by John Riddell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

JOHN RIDDELL, local tome solon, will fold up in his verb-and-adjective garage at 9 this (Monday) yawning." These words in Walter Winchell's column catch the keen eye of Philo Vance, the Van Dine detective. His keen brain, aided by a Winchell dictionary, is quick to translate their meaning.

There is no time to lose! No time is lost! Within the hour, Vance, District Attorney Markham and Sergeant Heath of The Force meet in the John Riddell library, a room lined with the season's best sellers and containing, sprawled in an easy chair, its hand still clutching a book, the corpse of John Riddell! The book is by Jim Tully: it may hold the clue to the mystery—especially since Markham, telephoning, learns that Tully, by an odd coincidence, has been murdered, too!

Vance reads it. More, in succeeding chapters he also reads a series of other books (which, one by one, the corpse reaches down from the shelves) by such literary celebrities as Will Rogers, Sherwood Anderson, W. R. Burnett, Peggy Joyce, Calvin Coolidge and Theodore Dreiser, among others—all, incidentally, reported dead in turn. As an extra touch, that recent dodge of mystery thrillers is burlesqued—the "sealed" final chapter, with the offer to refund your two dollars if you return the book with the seal intact. In this case, however, the publishers have forestalled any indecision you might have in the matter by carefully slitting the seal in advance; and so you learn in the end that Vance himself mysteriously disappears, that John Riddell is not really dead but only bored to death, that he killed all those novelists with his own fountain pen and that ultimately, after his confession, he was acquitted by every jury in the land.

That, then, is the structure of the parody—a simple enough structure to be sure, hackneyed and making a little for monotony, but one, nevertheless, offering to Mr. Corey Ford (John Riddell only to Vanity Fair readers) an excellent opportunity to run his symbolical fountain pen through and through the hearts of a number of current literary lights, for some of whom he seems to have taken a really boundingly healthy aversion. It must be admitted at once that for a humorous book, there is very little good humor shown, most of it being rather savage than otherwise. Moreover, the literary racket being what it is, and its inside workings having been by now so enthusiastically exposed, it seems hardly worth while setting up such figures as Cal Coolidge, Richard Halliburton, Peggy Joyce, Rudy Vallee, only to knock them over again. Again, there are sad little passages where hokum replaces wit, and there are even a couple of chapters ("How to Raise Pigeons for Profit," for one) put in apparently only because Mr. Ford happened to have them around and wanted to fill out the book. In fact (though to be serious about a avowedly comic book is a little ludicrous in itself), the very inclusion in the volume of these chapters may lead one on to wonder if a good share of Mr. Ford's bitterness may not be due to a feeling that he himself is in some part mixed up in the racket, and a conviction (perhaps justified) that if only writing for the magazines weren't so easy and so profitable he might turn out something really noteworthy himself.

However, Mr. Ford is only at his best when at his most savage, and there is certainly a refreshingly malicious pleasure in reading such biting gibes as these at the various literary stuffed shirts. And there are some few chapters where the burlesque reaches up toward an inspired ingenuity.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Northcliffe, Stunt Journalist

Northcliffe, An Intimate Biography, by Hamilton Fyfe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 357 pages. $5.

NOT LONG ago an American manufacturer of newspaper machinery ventured to forecast daily news-magazines, perhaps of one hundred pages each. Alfred Harmsworth anticipated him by forty years; and he did more to revolutionize English journalism than the Bennetts, Hearst and Pulitzer together did to change our press; yea, more even than the joint owners of The Chicago Tribune and the tabloid Daily News in New York, to dip down for fresh subcirculations. Northcliffe's London Daily Mail has a round two millions, whereas The Daily News can boast but a paltry million and a quarter.

High pressure for new readers is a minor phenomenon of the Machine Age, for the overproduction of commodities sets up a demand for larger audiences to hear of them. In the case of Northcliffe this thrust was more forcible because he had dividends to pay, not to one family or a small group, but to invisible stockholders. He sold stock in the City in his enterprises, and spread over a larger and more insistent area the demand for the high advertising rates made possible only by larger and larger circulations. But he did not deem it necessary—he proved it was not necessary—to befoul his columns with reams about night-club hostesses, pugilists, gangsters, sewers of scandal and crime. He turned the trick by stunts which would seem frivolous or puerile to American newspaper owners in most cases. But he attained his unprecedented success by printing clean newspapers and periodicals. It *can* be done.

This illuminating contrast, however, is not so interesting as the man himself. Hamilton Fyfe makes this clear.

Mr. Fyfe begins by telling us how, alert for opportunity —and a guinea—young Harmsworth, of middle-class parentage, got his bright idea from Tid-bits, a London weekly publication aptly described by its name. This sort of thing, he perceived, was what the public wanted; so that presently, on borrowed money, he established a similar publication called Answers to Correspondents. It paid some attention to gossip but none to news. At the outset Harmsworth began to exhibit his mastery of the stunt. He offered a prize of £500 to any one guessing the bullion in the Bank of England. Let prospective editors note this: Each guess must be sent in on a slip from the paper, and each slip must bear the names of five witnesses. Therefore, at least six persons must hear of the paper. The paper grew with astonishing rapidity, and at twenty-three Harmsworth was a rich man.

Varied and amusing—and sometimes instructive—as

were the subsequent circulation-building stunts on some two score weekly publications and three great newspapers, they proved only that this newly fledged publisher knew with uncanny accuracy what his public wanted. He bought The Daily Mail, and proved that on a newspaper he could ride his stunts to victory, even though he maintained to his death that news was "anything out of the ordinary." His troubles began when he bought The London Times.

"The Thunderer," as The Times had been known, when it was regarded as the official confidant and mouthpiece of the British government, was sinking into a decline. It was still owned by the wealthy Walter family, and was a melancholy witness to the fact that when a newspaper property is administered as an estate, for the benefit of the heirs, it begins to swing toward the rocks. Commonly it was supposed, however, that the Walter family would never give it up, although Mr. Fyfe does not say so. Harmsworth bought it, retained its staff intact—even the ancient "petty cash man," whose sole business was to hang around at night and supply funds to correspondents sent out on unexpected assignments—and began trying to convert it into his kind of newspaper, totally at variance with its tradition.

"Do you know," he said, "a sub-editor on The Times once spiked an elephant. He did. The elephant got loose from a circus in South London and went careening about the streets. This sub-editor read the copy sent in about it and stuck it on the waste file. It wasn't important enough. It was too interesting!"

He had a deal of trouble with that staff, and exhibited exemplary patience. He objected once to a page advertisement of brandy, a page mottled with barrels. "It is a disgrace." But, he was told, the paper needed that money. Even the future peer's temper was ruffled. "Your excuse," he retorted, "is that of a burglar or embezzler. Never take an advertisement because you want money." But he altered that view.

Two years after being created a baronet, Lord Northcliffe made his bow to London, and it wasn't long until he changed his contemptuous notion of advertising; for he was capricious, as are many men who believe that they are foreordained to certain destinies. We hear him saying that the advertiser forces people to buy what he wants to sell; and we find him writing to an acquaintance who protested, after the World War, against his printing German advertisements in The Mail:

> My dear Lady——:
>
> I am sorry I do not agree with you about Germany. We have to extract from the Germans an immense amount of money. One of two things is possible. We must either (1) encourage German trade or (2) relinquish the hope of their being able to pay. Which do you prefer?
>
> Personally I encourage the German advertisements, in the hope that we, and our Allies, may be able to get the reparation that is due us.

Northcliffe had no patience with the cry that Germany must be crushed, and quarreled with Lloyd George about it, although he was credited with having made Lloyd George Premier. Twice he had refused Cabinet posts, not because of this quarrel but because he despised politicians and wouldn't associate with them. He did want, however, to go to Versailles as a plenipotentiary, and when he found that Lloyd George intended to take him merely as an unofficial adviser their break became irreparable.

The United States took a great fancy to Northcliffe when he came over during the War as head of a mission to buy British supplies. By Colonel House he was admired extravagantly; he was fêted and toasted everywhere. But his greater war service was in the propaganda campaign against the Germans, wherein he caused many millions of leaflets (even imitation German newspapers) to be thrown beyond the lines. Enemy generals were among those who testified to the success of that campaign; so was the Bavarian Crown Prince; and undoubtedly it hastened the Armistice. Probably Northcliffe had never heard of Trotter or mass psychology, but he knew a lot about it. He had spent forty years studying it at first hand.

Arnold Bennett, in his French Journal, said that in the early days of Northcliffe's rise he had a notion of writing a play about him; later he did, in "What the Public Wants." I do not think it gave an adequate picture of the man. J. B. Fagan wrote another, "The Earth," which I have neither seen nor read. Both amused Northcliffe. Kipling wrote a poem to promote one of the publisher's innumerable stunts. Others, of less note, set themselves to satires and plays. They made fun, for example, of the massed advertisements, which Northcliffe himself called bludgeons. Two years before he died he returned to this old grievance: "It is not pleasant to think that, owing to the gigantic wages paid in newspaper offices and the high price of paper, newspapers are now for the first time in their history entirely subordinate to advertisers"; and a little later: "The advertisements are spoiling the paper"! But he was singularly equable under attacks by writers.

Northcliffe bore with good temper, indeed, attacks in the House of Commons, law suits, boycotts by advertisers, the burning of his papers in the streets and their banishment from clubs and reading rooms. "Lately," (he wrote the staff of The Mail), his press "has been bitterly and vulgarly assailed by Mr. Lloyd George. . . . I am entirely satisfied with the attitude of my journals . . . and rather than be dictated to by any body of men I will stop the publication of these newspapers."

Of Northcliffe's decline in health and rationality, prior to his death eight years ago, no details need be repeated here. Hamilton Fyfe, who wrote this able book, was for twenty years the publisher's associate and employee, as correspondent and editor; and in these later pages the measure of his love for the man whose life he has written emerges more fully, but with no touch of whimpering or sentiment. He has written, indeed, with candor and courage, an honest and full-bodied book.

SILAS BENT.

Manus and Americans

Growing Up in New Guinea, by Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow and Company. 384 pages. $3.50.

"GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA" is an even more interesting book than Miss Mead's widely and deservedly praised "Coming of Age in Samoa." It is worked out in the same way. A generalized biography (which, however, takes on personality with each case mentioned) of the native child from birth to entrance into adult society, is followed by a comparison with our own society, in relevant particulars.

The researches for this book were carried on not in New Guinea proper but on Manus Island in the Admiralty Group, an archipelago to the northeast of New Guinea. Among the tribes occupying these islands one people, the Manus, hold the dominant position. They are the traders for the other peoples, making remarkable voyages in out-

rigger canoes fitted up with cabins and simple sails. Inhabiting a small and economically unattractive territory, they have been little intruded upon by the white mandatory power. They pay a small tax; their boys in the teens are enlisted for plantation and house labor; and there is a little trade with the whites for cloth, metal tools and kerosene. The young men willingly accept indenture, for service among whites brings them prestige and money, and takes them out of their own society just at the time when there is no useful function for them. Before the white men came, these were the years which they spent on war expeditions, and in the capture of prostitutes whose presence made chastity possible for their own women. The Manus do not regret the rule of the whites. They are business men primarily and the Imperial peace of the whites has made them prosperous.

If the book had appeared as a modern "Gulliver's Travels," the description of Manus society would have sounded like a bitter satire on American life.

Trade obsesses this people. Every social occasion, from birth to marriage, is made an opportunity for investment through gift exchanges. Respect for property is the first and one of the only two social obligations taught to children. Property even acts as a determinant of personality, the man of property being aggressive and overbearing, while the poor man is humble and shamefaced. The consciousness of the family's economic position affects even the children and decides whether their characters will be forward or retiring, whether they will be leaders or followers in their play groups. Concern over property imposes anxiety neuroses upon all the men, and makes them peevish and quarrelsome. The lagoon rings not with music and dancing, as one would suppose in a tropical society, but with the squabbling voices of debtors and creditors. Like other traders, they are a people without art. Their houses are furnished with the fine carved work of their neighbors, which, however, they do not learn to prize above trade value. The first offers of white curio-hunters obtain them.

As if to finish off the satire, the Manus are the Puritans of Oceania. Adultery is uncommon; prudery is joined with respect for property as the only social instruction given to children. Frigidity among women is taken for granted and the sexual relation is a secret act comparable in offensiveness to evacuation.

This is adult life among the Manus. The life of the children is completely apart. They lead spoiled, selfish existences. They can make any demand upon their parents and they give nothing in return, run no errands, perform no household tasks. Mothers have no part in their lives, for, as soon as they are weaned, the fathers monopolize the right to play with them, to dote on them, and even join in spitefulness against the mothers. The attitude of the children is one of contempt for adult life. They mock the ceremonies, and their intrusions go unpunished. No attempt is made to initiate them into adult life, yet inevitably, as they grow up, they enter into it, and become bitter, quarrelsome business men like their fathers. The sheer absorbent power of example and tradition overcomes their repugnance and rebellion.

The coercive power of Manus life does not lie in its own organization but in a watchful spirit world. Every household has a pot swinging from the rafters in which is kept the skull and other important bones of an ancestor's skeleton. In this way a home is provided for the spirit who is expected to protect the family in return. Seances are held at which he is appealed to for services and advice. The spirits are censorious. They punish moral lapses and lack of business enterprise by sickness and death.

The opportunities presented by such a society for analogies with our own are well used by Miss Mead. It was a task which she had good excuses for evading, but she regarded it as a responsibility of the anthropologist. She undertakes it with intelligence and courage and without prophetic self-consciousness.

Compared with other volumes of descriptive anthropology, "Growing Up in New Guinea" has the distinction that Flaherty's "Moana" and "Nanook" have among other motion pictures of far-away native life.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Experimental Psychology

A History of Experimental Psychology, by Edwin G. Boring. New York: The Century Company. 699 pages. $4.

Principles of Experimental Psychology, by Henri Piéron. Translated by J. B. Miner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 190 pages. $3.75.

THE APPEARANCE of Professor Boring's "History of Experimental Psychology" is, in its own field, an event of the first magnitude. It is conceivable, even, that this book may mark a turning point in the whole outlook of psychologists. The word "experimental" in its title might have been printed in italics. From beginning to end of this richly documented and annotated volume, strong emphasis is placed upon the factors which have contributed to the development of the experimental science of mental life. Dr. Boring does not directly concern himself, as have earlier historians of psychology, with the purely speculative philosophy of mind. He does not make the opposite mistake of contending that observational science and systematic philosophy can ultimately be held to be independent. He does hold, however, that in most cases individual temperament is such that one man cannot, at least at the same time, be laboratory scientist and synthetic philosopher. And it is typical of the whole book that Aristarchus, the Experimentalist, and not Aristotle, the System Maker, is stressed in the introductory chapter.

In the first major section of the book, Dr. Boring treats of the physiological psychology of the early nineteenth century in so far as it laid the groundwork for the new experimental psychology that was to follow. Here, too, he deals with sensation, hypnotism and the "personal equation"—diverse topics all of which show something of the gradual development of the scientific method in dealing with mental phenomena. The second major section of the book deals with the preparation within philosophical psychology for scientific psychology. Here the men considered are Descartes, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, the Mills, Herbert, Bain—the names that occur traditionally in any history of philosophy or of speculative psychology. The emphasis in this volume, however, is original and stimulating; always the importance of a contribution is judged in terms of its factual or methodological significance for experimental psychology. Something over a third of the book is thus, it seems most wisely, devoted to setting the stage and introducing the two partners in the future union between physiological science and the philosophy of mind. And in the chapters dealing with Fechner, Helmholtz and Wundt the marriage finally occurs.

"Modern Experimental Psychology" is the title of the next section of the book. Here the careful reader is led to see, behind the shifting terminologies and contentious claims of various schools and personalities, the gradual growth of the factual material of psychology. Scientific psychology is

different from certain other sciences in that much of its material has not, at least as yet, been expressed in the relatively unambiguous language of mathematics. The results of observation and experiment are, therefore, often expressed in the special vocabulary of one particular man or system. This fact leads to a paradox. One who really cares only to know the scientific facts of psychology, which in their very nature are above both the personalities of psychologists and the one-sided emphasis of any single system, must, nevertheless, adequately understand both the personal peculiarities of psychologists and the systems which they have formulated. With great care and in minute detail the author has analyzed the personal and even the geographical influences that have thus continually affected the course of the development of scientific psychology.

Some slight indication of the scope of this laborious analysis may be given in the statement that the index of names contains a list of almost nine hundred different individuals to whom reference is made in the text. The volume is fittingly dedicated to the author's teacher, the late Professor Titchener of Cornell, who was possibly the greatest bibliographical scholar in American psychology. The reviewer believes, however, that the present volume is superior to any single work of Titchener in its unbiased attitude and in its almost unbelievably painstaking scholarship. The book does not claim to be complete in scope. For example, the history of the psychology of learning is not treated in as great detail as the current importance of this topic in experimental psychology might have suggested. It may indeed be noted that, throughout the work, experimentation which is in the Wundtian tradition is given more complete consideration than that which has arisen from other sources.

Dr. Boring and certain other psychologists feel that experimental psychology, in spite of its honorable record of achievement, has not in all respects justified its great early promise. He says, "There are signs that psychologists are ready for a great man or a great event, for they seize eagerly upon every new movement that aspires to greatness; but the great event has not occurred." Is this very volume a sign that this "great event" is quietly occurring? The reviewer is by no means sure that this may not be the case. It is difficult to imagine that a psychologist can read this book and still not feel the lure of a new working plan for his science. Such a plan would emphasize experiment as never before. In systematic formulation it would not cry "Behaviorism!" or "Gestalt!" but with calm eclecticism would employ any theory ready at the time to serve scientific progress. In view of the interpretation of the history of psychology presented in this volume, this procedure would seem to promise a rapid further growth of the science. This development, however, must be in the hands of scientists who are almost harshly empirical and who, like Dr. Boring himself, yield to no emotional desire to leave the laboratory in order to save society.

In his "Principles of Experimental Psychology" Professor Henri Piéron of the Collège de France gives a brief and informative summary of some of the more generally accepted facts in regard to such topics as behavior, affection, perception, thought, mental efficiency and psychological types. In its point of view and in the experimental work cited, the influence of "objective" American psychology is notable. Fundamentally, however, the volume is a factual account of certain aspects of that scientific psychology which Dr. Boring has so adequately interpreted from the historical point of view.

LEONARD CARMICHAEL.

Notes on Novels

Seed, a novel of Birth Control, by Charles G. Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

ANY ONE of the many episodes that make up "Seed" might have been developed into a palatable narrative. Mr. Norris, however, seems to suspect mere narration of frivolity and to feel that, to have a *raison d'être*, it must be spitted upon a moral. In this case the moral is not entirely apposite to the story. Unfortunately it is true that people who have children in any appreciable quantities sometimes wish they hadn't and that people who have none sometimes wish they had. Also, as Mr. Norris indirectly suggests, the practice of birth control tends, for better or for worse, to avert parenthood. But the story of the particular California family whose destinies "Seed" recounts does not seem to be an apt vehicle for these truisms. Good *romans à thèse* are born of a rabid conviction and an itch to express it as immediately as possible. And since out of any given array of circumstances, any dozen people can, and naturally will, draw as many different morals, the whole action of such novels needs to be pruned and pointed, from the first page to the last, toward the desired propaganda. "Seed" ambles through two-thirds of its length without touching on its supposed topic, pauses for a moment to cite vital statistics as promised in the subtitle, and terminates in a manner not unworthy of the late Gene Stratton-Porter.

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

EXCEPT for another homosexual hero, there is little resemblance between "A Note in Music" and Rosamond Lehmann's first book. "Dusty Answer" had all the ambiguous promise of any reasonably good first novel, but it was too generically a first novel to have much significance as an index to its author's future achievements. Certainly there was nothing in "Dusty Answer" to prepare one for as excellent a piece of work as Miss Lehmann's second novel proves to be. The plot of the book is slim, but by skillful construction and impressive economy of both incident and emotion, the author has managed to keep it in sharp relief. Yet there is no hint of a *tour de force*. The characters—except for their names, which seem to be chosen so much at random that they never identify themselves with their owners—have a subjective reality that gives importance to their most trivial contacts. Undoubtedly Miss Lehmann has read Virginia Woolf, as well as André Gide and Marcel Proust; there are greater sins and worse masters. She has learned a great deal from them, but she never fails to distinguish between technical processes and personal mannerisms. She is a disciple, not an imitator, and her apprenticeship has reinforced her originality. R. G.

The Island, by Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE is not a little tenderness and pathos in this tale of an awkward, dull-witted Welsh girl who takes the wrong sexual turning and suffers dismal penalties for it through no particular fault of her own. The theme is the now familiar one of aberration; "Goosey" Hughes, infatuated by the elegance of a Liverpool girl who is a summer boarder at the farm, is hurled headlong into an "affair" which pursues an intermittent but stormy course over a period of twenty-five years and only ends when

Goosey, brought to realize the selfishness of Almond, her girl friend, and the immensity of her sin, goes mad. The plot machinery is a bit too slick in its movement, the way in which every time Goosey makes an attempt to start life over Almond pops back and gums up the works does not have a plausible ring, and the theme itself, sad to say, no longer seems as daring as it does banal. Nevertheless, Goosey is a pitiable, moving figure, drawn with sympathy and compassion. H. C. C.

The Silence of Colonel Bramble, by André Maurois. Translated by Thurfrida Wake; Verses Translated by Wilfrid Jackson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IT WAS worth reissuing this first book of André Maurois, not because he has since written biographies of other Englishmen, but because the book is amusing. It has something vaguely to do with the War, and with contrasts between Englishmen and Frenchmen. Brand Whitlock informs one in his introduction that it will seem superficial "only to the superficial," and this may be true. The Englishmen bear an amazing resemblance to the characters in "Journey's End," which was written by a playwright whose second play devoted itself, apparently, to what "cricket" means, in all its various senses, to the Englishmen. The coincidence of observation should prove something. But the most amusing passages in Maurois' novel are contained in the anecdotes about French thrift and the uses of the Confessional, and of red tape in all nations. Since the book is about war, people get shot under various circumstances; and since some people's deaths, even, are comic, the effect is not one of horror, but of amusement. It is, however, rather too bad that so amusing a book ends on a note whose ironic timbre so many authors have tested with resolution, among them Laurence Stallings in "Plumes," and the author of the poem which ends, "But 'twas a famous victory." K. W.

Contributors

E. M. H. LLOYD is with the Empire Marketing Board in London, and is a well known British student of economics.

PERCY WINNER, news and foreign editor of The New York Evening Post, spent four years in Italy as foreign correspondent. He accompanied Mussolini on his voyage to Tripoli, interviewed him on many occasions and in 1926 acted as official translator for the Foreign Propaganda Office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

GILBERT SELDES has published in the last year "An Hour with the Movies and the Talkies," a novel, "The Wings of the Eagle," which caused virtually no comment, a monograph on "The Future of Drinking" and the text of the current "Lysistrata," of which he is the adapter.

PETER MUNRO JACK has taught in the universities of Aberdeen and Cambridge, and was until lately professor of Rhetoric at the University of Michigan.

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SILAS BENT, author of "Ballyhoo" and "Strange Bedfellows," is a well known journalist. His latest book is "Machine-Made Man," which was published this spring by Coward-McCann.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, poet and novelist, is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony," a book of verse, and "Dr. Transit," a novel.

LEONARD CARMICHAEL is professor of Psychology and director of the psychological laboratory at Brown University. He is joint author of "Special Disabilities in Learning to Read and Write" and "Elements of Human Psychology."

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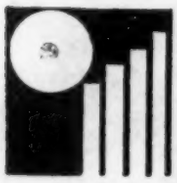

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